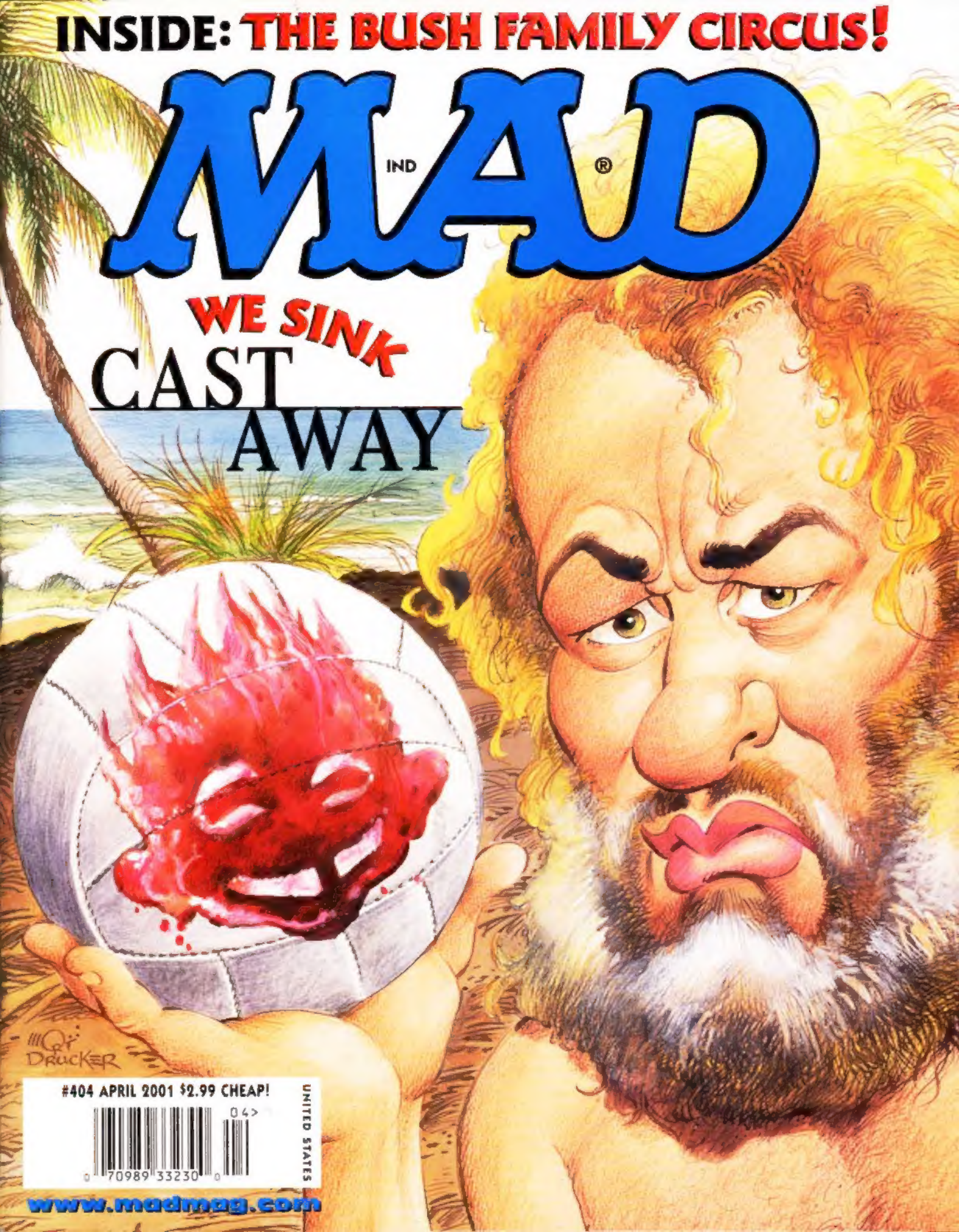
INSIDE: THE BUSH FAMILY CIRCUS!

# MAD

IND

WE SINK

CAST AWAY

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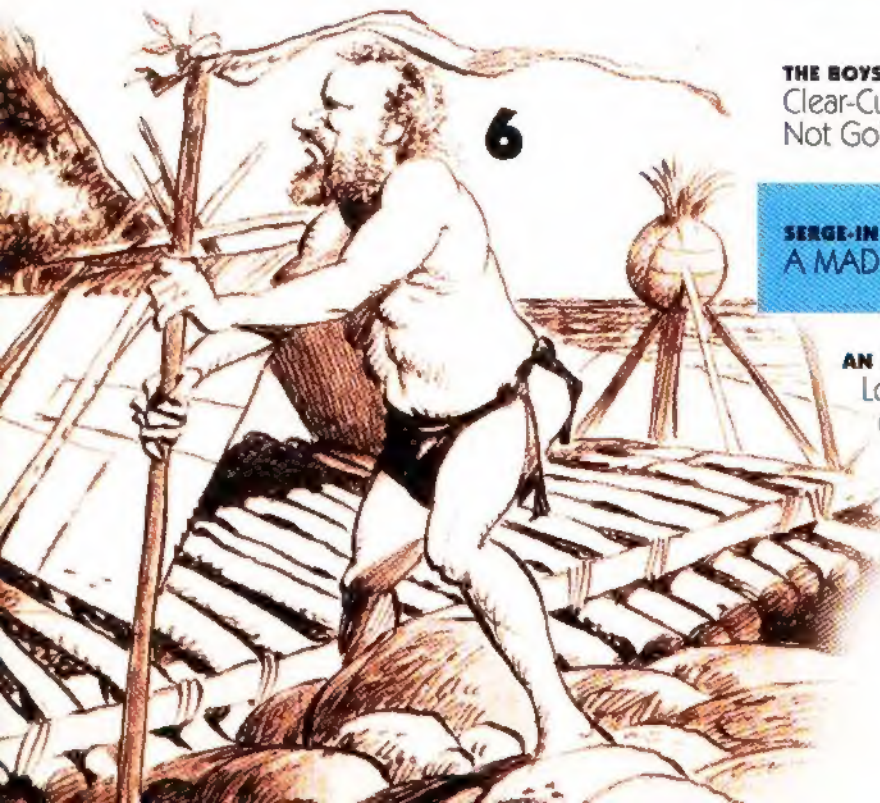
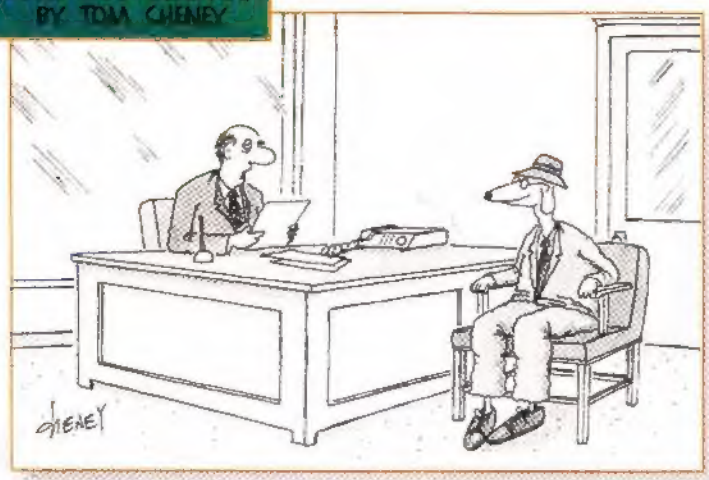



PULL MY CHENEY
BY TOM CHENEY



"Loyalty and obedience are good qualities, but we don't have openings right now for anyone willing to lap up their own vomit."

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## THIS MONTH IN HISTORY

**APRIL**

| SUN | MON | TUES | WED | THURS | FRI | SAT |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| 29 | 30 | | | | | |

*33 AD*
*In an Effort to Keep the Tab Down at Last Supper, Matthew, Mark and Luke Agree to Split an Appetizer*

*1926*
*Sweaty Guy Invents Sweat Suit*

*1995*
*Pope Offers Easter Blessings to the World, "Except That Trump Guy"*

*1990*
*Walt Disney Company Claims Ownership of Planet Pluto*

*1991*
*Sears Scraps Plans to Sell the "Craftsman Bodypiercer"*

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**36**

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*"Success is achieved only by those who are more or less confident, kind of specific and take a relatively firm stand!"*

FRONT COVER ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

**HOW TO REACH US**

Please Address Correspondence To: MAD, Dept. 404, 1700 Broadway, New York, New York 10019. MAD welcomes reader submissions. Manuscripts will not be returned or acknowledged, however, unless they are accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope! MAD doesn't read faxed submissions!

## MENDING BROKEN OFFENSES

Some people I know think MAD is unethical and doesn't have correct political satire. Do you have any suggestions for them?

Brad Lindblad, West Fargo, ND

**Lucky Lindy — Are you aware that your name is a tongue twister? Go ahead, try saying it three times fast! As for those politically correct people you know, the next time they say something like that just flip them the bird! —Ed.**

## PROBST AND CONS

In your "Celebrity Cause-of-Death Betting Odds" for MAD #401 I thought a celebrity was supposed to be someone well known. Who is Jeff Probst? I never heard of him until I read your magazine. Is he in sports, show business, politics or what?

Jim Davis, Via E-mail

**Jimmy — We forwarded your letter to Jeff Probst. He says he's never heard of you, either! Eerie. —Ed.**

## DENMARK'S THE SPOT

In MAD #401 you made two errors. First off, Lars Ulrich of Metallica is from Denmark, not Belgium. Secondly, there is no such thing as a 10-minute major game misconduct in hockey ("MAD's Parental Etiquette Guide for Kids' Sporting Events"). It's a five-minute major game misconduct or simply a match penalty for attempt to injure.

Mark W. Frere, Winnipeg, Canada

**Marky Mark — You are sort of correct. Lars Ulrich is from Denmark. And to be perfectly honest, when we were writing that piece we didn't have a globe, but Belgium, Sweden Denmark, it's all just one big place where they wear socks with sandals, listen to ABBA and act as if it's still the 1970s! Also, you are dead wrong that Lars ever played professional hockey. Thanks for writing! —Ed.**

## NAPSTER-ING UP TROUBLE

I enjoyed reading issue #401 which featured "The MAD 20." I was especially intrigued by your comments about Napster. A friend of mine came over to visit and I caught him reading the MAD that I had purchased. Remembering your MAD equations (Taking + Paying = Buying. Taking – Paying = Stealing.), I quickly called the police and had him arrested since he didn't pay for the magazine (and I did). He was obviously stealing, right? I decided that wasn't enough. In the interest of copyright infringement, I went to the public library and had everybody there who was reading a magazine or newspaper arrested too. I also had the people reading books hauled away just to be sure. After all, none of them paid for the privilege of reading. Thank you for setting a legal precedent. In closing, I feel I should add that if you decide to print this letter in your publication, I am entitled to a percentage of every issue you sell. Otherwise, you're stealing from me, correct?

John Bohlmann, Portland, OR

**Johnny — Thank you for your excellent letter. We have taken the liberty of forwarding it to Metallica drummer Lars Ulrich. However, since your letter was not in Lars' native Swedish tongue, don't expect an answer anytime soon. In the meantime, we applaud your efforts and give you kudos in getting everyone to read their own issue of MAD. These kudos are in lieu of any actual monetary compensation for your contributions to this Letters Page. —Ed.**

FAX MAD AT (212) 506-4848!

MAD #405 ON SALE APRIL 17!

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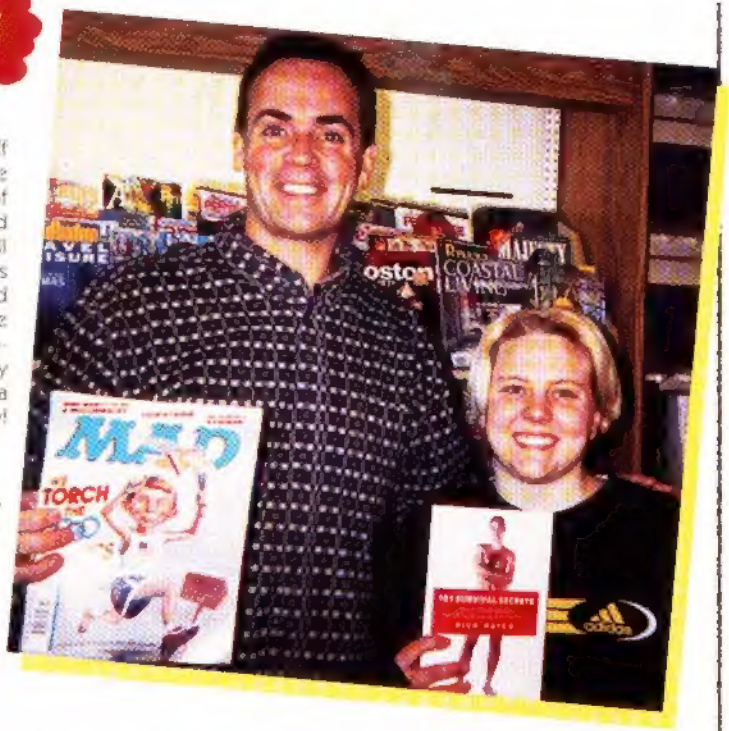
# MAD CELEBRITY SNAPS

Who needs Jeff Probst? (Jeff who?) It's clear to everyone that Elizabeth Ames of Wakefield, RI has been voted onto the MAD subscription roll for a three-year hitch for this celebrity snap of her and Survivor winner Richard "The most famous fat, naked manipulator in the world" Hatch. Why it couldn't have been Jenna or Colleen we'll never know!



## MAD MUMBLINGS @madmag.com

Yesterday I took my hamster out of its cage and it pooped in my hand —Heidi...I missed the bus of knowledge, but I have the rollerblades and grappling hook of hope! —GoodBick...Every night the second musketeer comes to me in a dream and tells me that I must venture out into the wilderness and buy one of his candy bars with a 1/3 less fat than other chocolate bars — JimmyJunke...I was a banana in my past life —LilSmurf89...Do nerds conduct electricity? —Dscull264.

## TITO PLENTY

Thank you for the enlightening "What Drives Me MAD" feature in issue #400 and "The 20 Dumbest People, Events and Things of 2000" in issue #401. It made me and my Chihuahua Tito laugh! Yes, Tito does know how to read!

Carlos Pico, Via E-mail

**Carlos — It's muy bien that Tito knows how to read, so he'll know exactly what he's doing when he signs the papers having you committed. Adios, El Loco! —Eduardo**

## IN ONE YEAR AND OUT THE OTHER

I noticed a mistake in your 400th issue. On page three, on the calendar for December 26th, you stated that the "Fourth Wise Man arrives at stable, misses whole thing." This is incorrect, because scholars have found out that Jesus Christ was actually born in 6 B.C. and they based their calendar on 00 A.D., six years after Jesus' actual birth. If they had corrected it and set the time back six years, the world would be in complete chaos. So, the bottom line is, you guys goofed, and Jesus was actually born in 6 B.C., not 00 A.D.

Shawn Fortner II, Hastings, FL

**Shawnster — Oh my God! —Ed.**

MAD

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*the usual gang of idiots*

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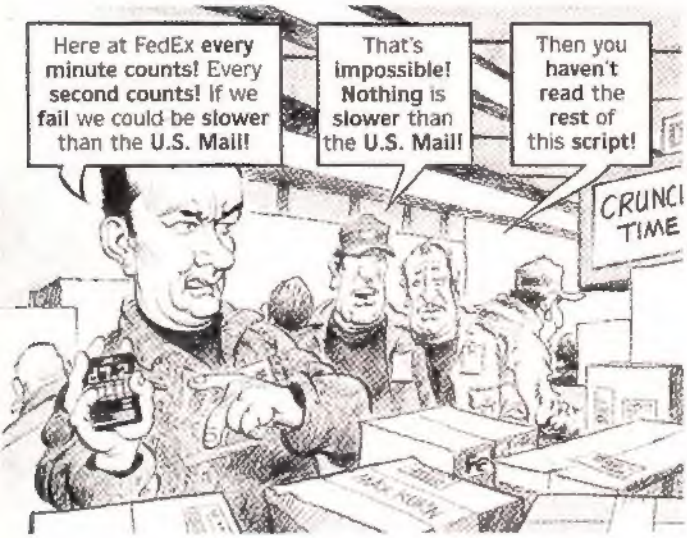
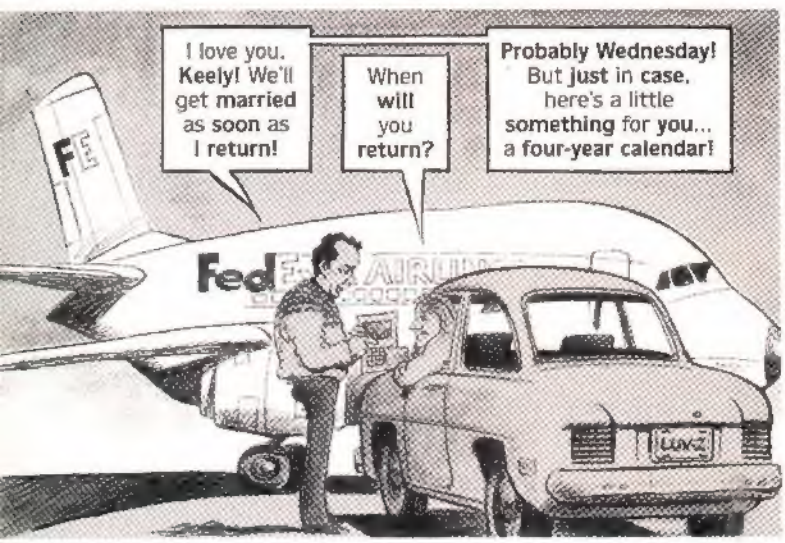
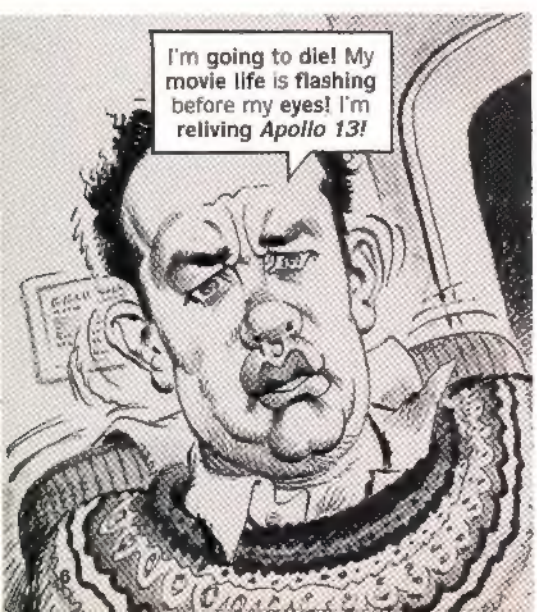
**This is the story of a busy man who absolutely, positively lived by the clock until he got stranded...for years! The audience watching this movie got stranded too, for what *seemed* like years! People leaving the theater said they now know what eternity will feel like once they've...**


Here at FedEx every minute counts! Every second counts! If we fail we could be slower than the U.S. Mail!
That's impossible! Nothing is slower than the U.S. Mail!
Then you haven't read the rest of this script!
CRUNCH TIME

I have a gift for you!
Great! Is it one of those cell phones that has a built-in Global Positioning System so my location can be tracked anywhere in the world?
No! Why would you ever need one of those? It's an old pocket watch!


I love you, Keely! We'll get married as soon as I return!
When will you return?
Probably Wednesday! But just in case, here's a little something for you... a four-year calendar!

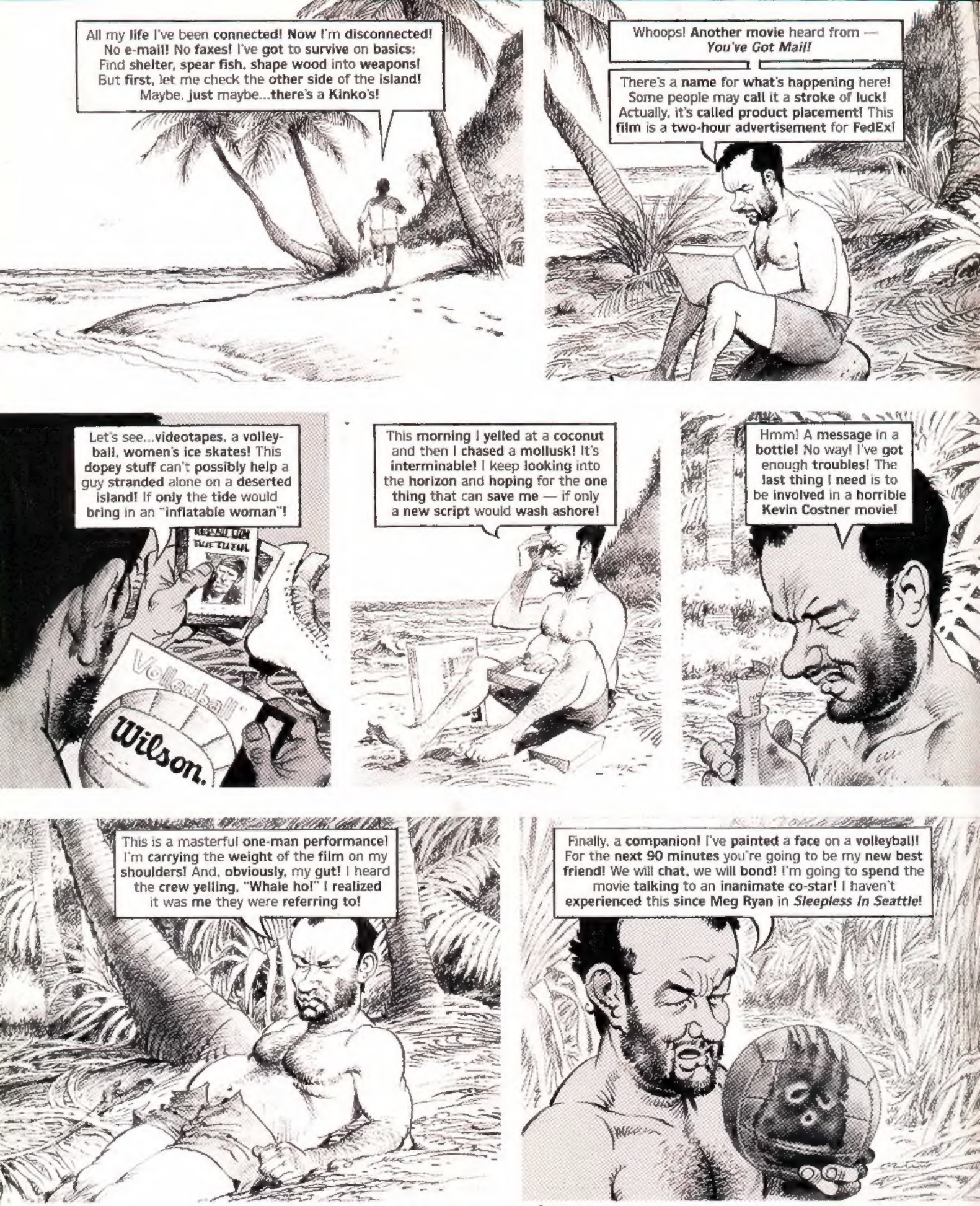
I heard a jolt! Are we having mechanical problems?
Let me put it this way, Truck! FedEx air service will soon be merging with our ground service!
LIFE JACKET $10
RAFT $25
CELL PHONE $50

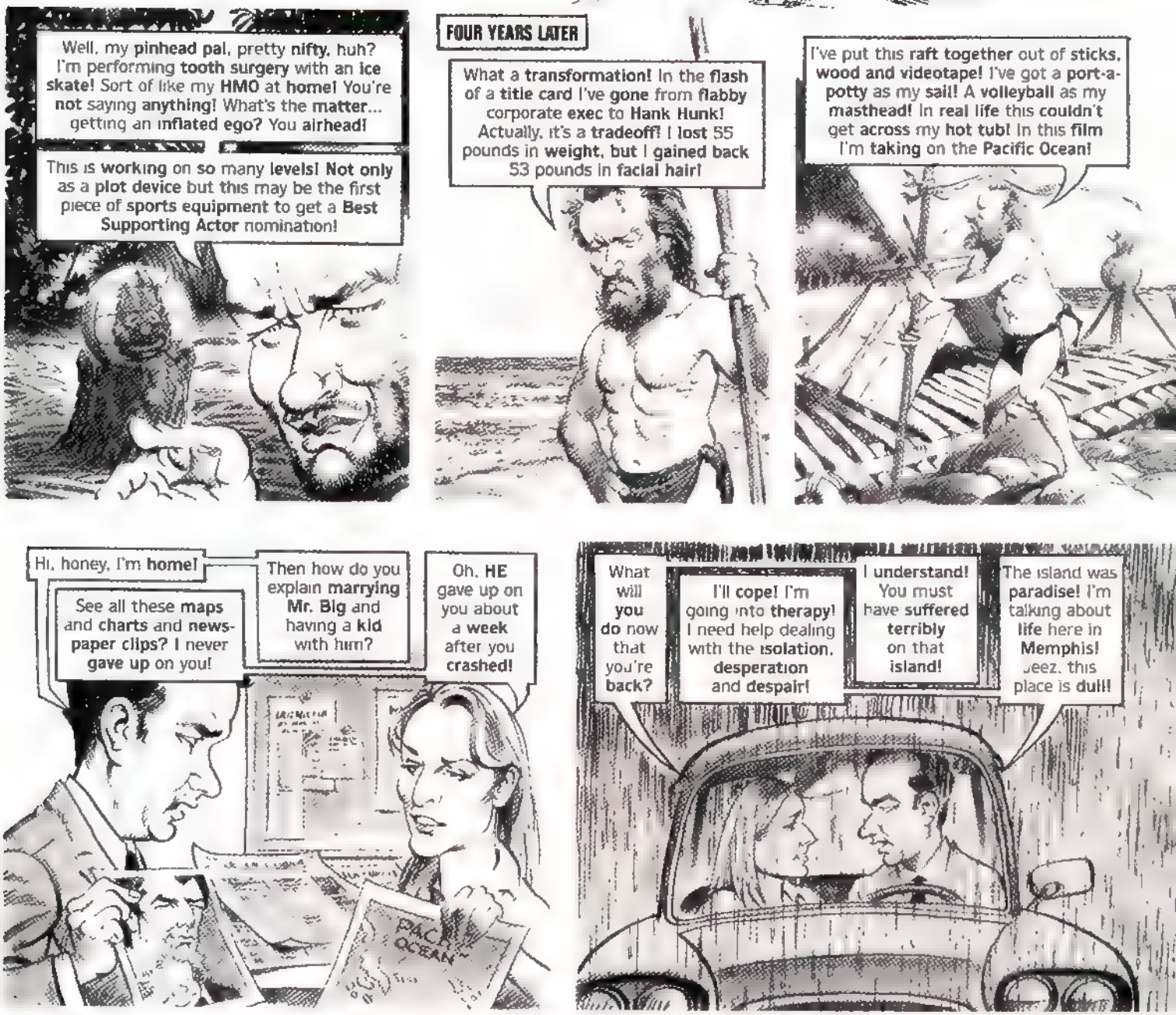


# PASSED AWAY

What a lonely, God forsaken place! No signs of civilization! No signs of intelligent life! Actually — not unlike Memphis!
Hmmm! I'm wondering what the zip code is here! Never mind that! I've got bigger fish to fry! And that's one of my problems! Will there be fish to fry?
I must meet the basic needs of survival! Will there be food? Will there be fire and water? My biggest fear? Will I be running into a naked fat guy named Richard Hatch?!
FROM: MORT DRUCKER
TO: MAD
RUSH!
MORT DRUCKER

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

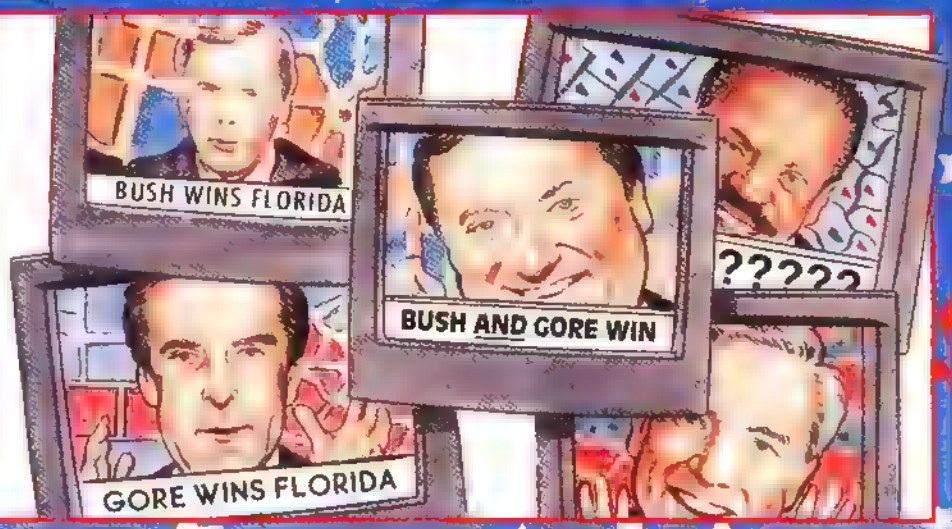

All my life I've been connected! Now I'm disconnected! No e-mail! No faxes! I've got to survive on basics: Find shelter, spear fish, shape wood into weapons! But first, let me check the other side of the island! Maybe, just maybe...there's a Kinko's!
Whoops! Another movie heard from — You've Got Mail!
There's a name for what's happening here! Some people may call it a stroke of luck! Actually, it's called product placement! This film is a two-hour advertisement for FedEx!
Let's see...videotapes, a volleyball, women's ice skates! This dopey stuff can't possibly help a guy stranded alone on a deserted island! If only the tide would bring in an "inflatable woman"!
Volleyball
Wilson
This morning I yelled at a coconut and then I chased a mollusk! It's interminable! I keep looking into the horizon and hoping for the one thing that can save me — if only a new script would wash ashore!
Hmm! A message in a bottle! No way! I've got enough troubles! The last thing I need is to be involved in a horrible Kevin Costner movie!
This is a masterful one-man performance! I'm carrying the weight of the film on my shoulders! And, obviously, my gut! I heard the crew yelling, "Whale ho!" I realized it was me they were referring to!
Finally, a companion! I've painted a face on a volleyball! For the next 90 minutes you're going to be my new best friend! We will chat, we will bond! I'm going to spend the movie talking to an inanimate co-star! I haven't experienced this since Meg Ryan in Sleepless in Seattle!

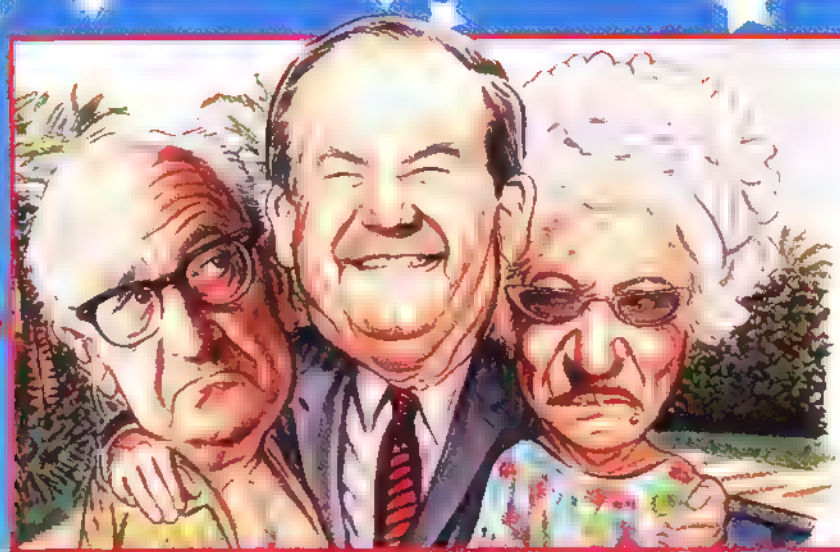

Well, my pinhead pal, pretty nifty, huh? I'm performing tooth surgery with an ice skate! Sort of like my HMO at home! You're not saying anything! What's the matter... getting an inflated ego? You airhead!
This is working on so many levels! Not only as a plot device but this may be the first piece of sports equipment to get a Best Supporting Actor nomination!
FOUR YEARS LATER
What a transformation! In the flash of a title card I've gone from flabby corporate exec to Hank Hunk! Actually, it's a tradeoff! I lost 55 pounds in weight, but I gained back 53 pounds in facial hair!
I've put this raft together out of sticks, wood and videotape! I've got a port-a-potty as my sail! A volleyball as my masthead! In real life this couldn't get across my hot tub! In this film I'm taking on the Pacific Ocean!
Hi, honey, I'm home!
See all these maps and charts and newspaper clips? I never gave up on you!
Then how do you explain marrying Mr. Big and having a kid with him?
Oh, HE gave up on you about a week after you crashed!
PACIFIC OCEAN
What will you do now that you're back?
I'll cope! I'm going into therapy! I need help dealing with the isolation, desperation and despair!
I understand! You must have suffered terribly on that island!
The island was paradise! I'm talking about life here in Memphis! Jeez, this place is dull!
I've reached a symbolic crossroads in my life, so they show me standing at a literal crossroads. What symbolism! What imagery! What imaginative directing!
You looking for a good time, cowboy?
You're not my type!
What is your type?
Someone who's short and round that I can pump air into every morning!
I think I can help you out...
PAST BOULEVARD
FUTURE TURNPIKE
so long, sicko!
BEACH BALLS
Wilson

# The Ballot Hymn

*Mine eyes have seen the folly*
*that began election night,*
*When the anchors at the networks*
*blew projections left and right;*
*Many viewers called them morons,*
*which seems overly polite —*
*But still they blundered on!*

*"Sor-ry," they informed the na-tion,*
*"Just…a minor aberra-tion,*
*"Based…on faulty informa-tion!"·*
*All night they blundered on!*



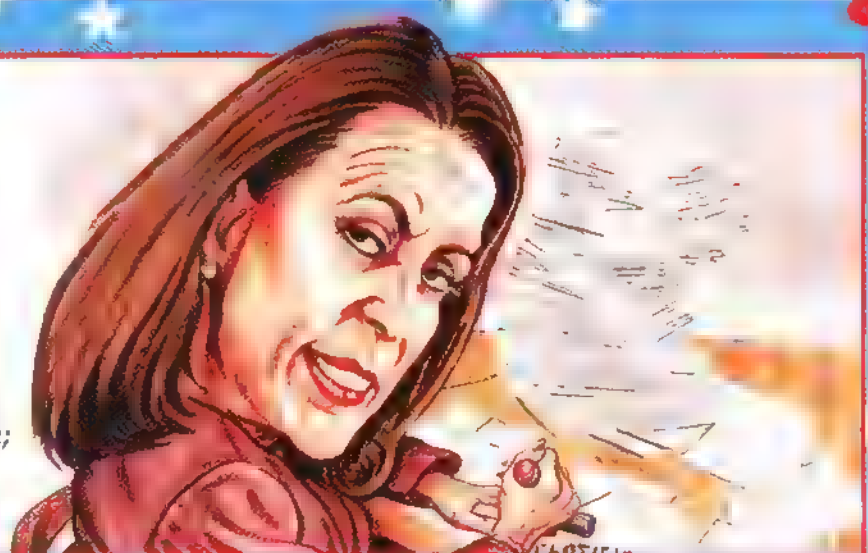



*It would all come down to Florida,*
*with Bush a hair ahead;*
*But then came alarming news which*
*filled the Democrats with dread;*
*Ballots punched for Pat Buchanan*
*were not kosher, it was said —*
*A state of war was on!*

*Troub-le, trouble now was brew-ing,*
*When…the votes the Dems were view-ing;*
*Came…the cry, "We got a screw-ing!"*
*An all-out war was on!*

*Seems the ballot called the "butterfly"*
*had caused an awful mess,*
*Losing many votes for Gore, which*
*caused him sorrow and distress;*
*The designer of the ballot*
*was a Democrat, no less —*
*The race kept lurching on!*

*Dems…said votes had been denied…them,*
*Claimed…the state had misapplied…them;*
*Kath-rine Harris certified…them —*
*The race kept lurching on!*



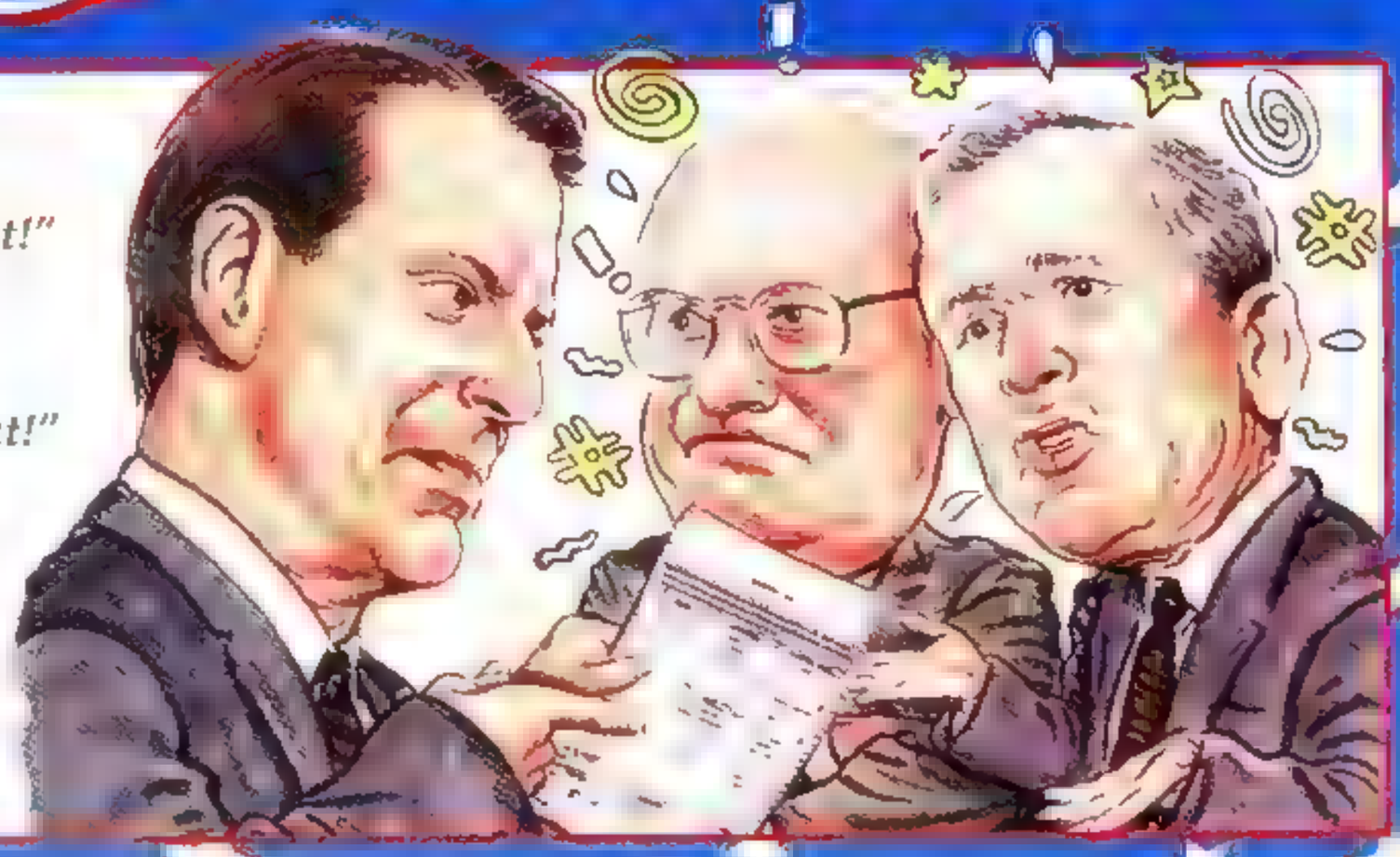


ARTIST: DREW FRIEDMAN

# of The Republic

*"Just check out the chads," cried Gore,*
*"they're votes for me without a doubt!"*
*But the GOP responded*
*with a most defiant shout —*
*Even though we are pro-life,*
*the pregnant ones must be thrown out!"*
*The ballot war raged on!*

*Count-ing, counting, never end-ing,*
*Still...no one was comprehend-ing*
*What...the voters were intend-ing —*
*The ballot war raged on!*



*Weary workers kept on counting,*
*piling ballots into stacks,*
*Facing Right Wing mobs who blocked*
*the doors with pre-arranged attacks;*
*Jesse Jackson paid a visit*
*and stirred up the local blacks —*
*Both parties blun-dered on!*

*Day and night...they agitat-ed;*
*In...the streets they demonstrat-ed*
*While...the nation vainly wait-ed —*
*Both parties blun-dered on!*

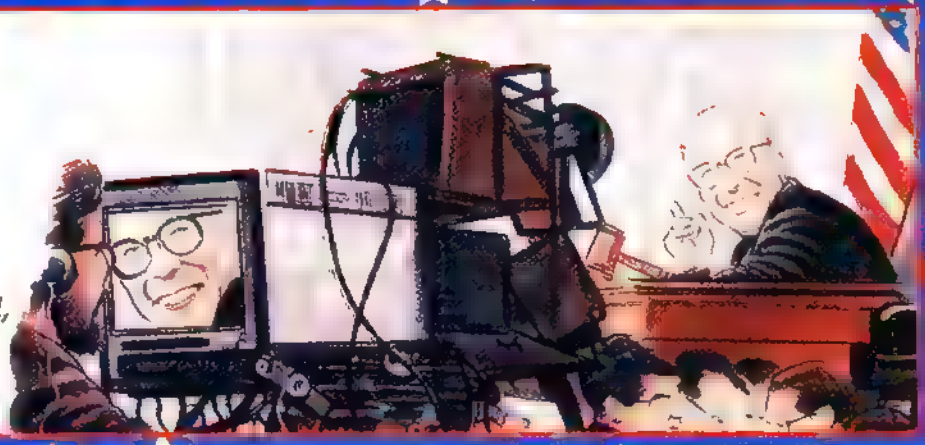
*Next, platoons of high-priced lawyers*
*faced the courts and made their pleas;*
*With the fat cats in both parties*
*digging deep to pay their fees;*
*They will get repaid with sweetheart*
*deals, but, hell, that's normal sleaze —*
*The ar-gu-ments droned on!*

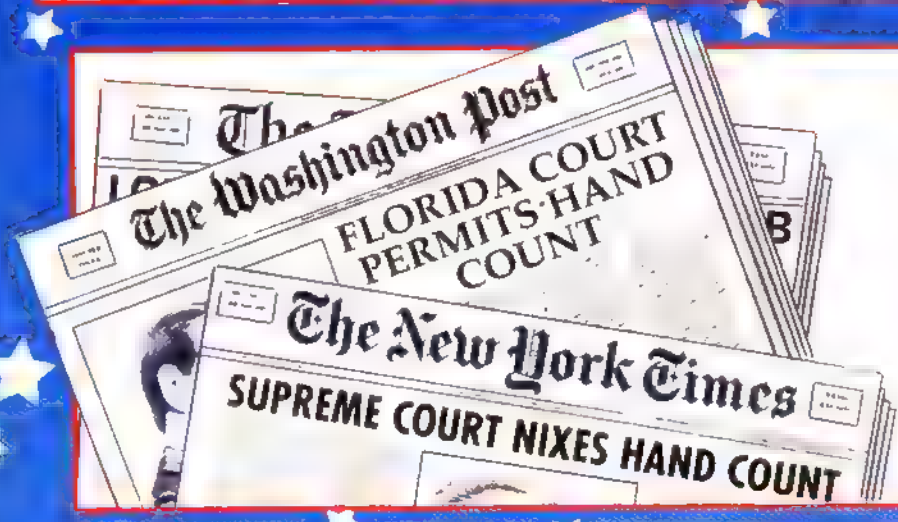
*Bor-ing, bor-ing litiga-tion,*
*Like...a case of constipa-tion,*
*Worse...than baseball arbitra-tion —*
*The ar-gu-ments droned on!*

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

*Judges holding court in Florida*
*were sharp as they could be,*
*Manifesting all the wisdom*
*of a wrestling referee;*
*But, gee whiz, they got their faces*
*seen on national TV!*
*The court fight staggered on!*

*Day by day…we watched and wait-ed,*
*And…one fact can now be stated:*
*Court TV is over-rat-ed —*
*How long could it…go…on?*



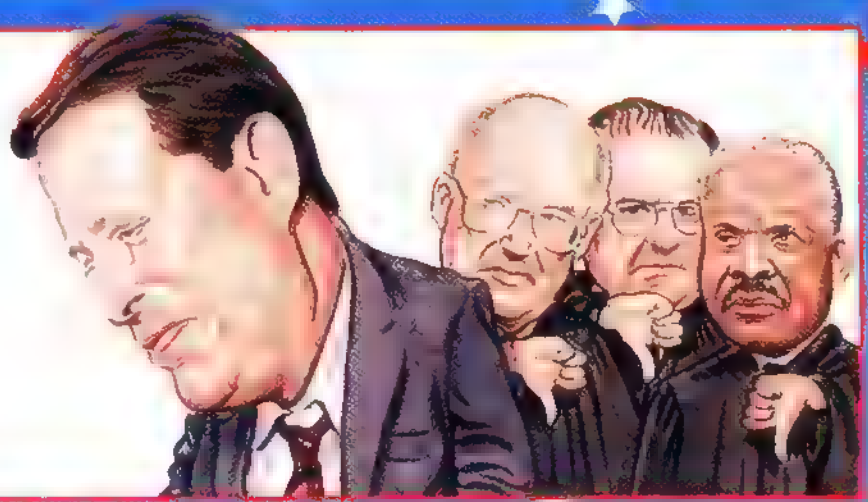



*Soon, the judges made their rulings,*
*which were strange, to say the least;*
*And it's doubtful that we'll ever know*
*how many palms got greased;*
*'Course, with Bush or Gore the choices,*
*it's the country that got fleeced —*
*For weeks they flound-ered on!*

*"Save us, save us!" Dems were plead-ing;*
*"Can't…you see that Bush is lead-ing?*
*"If…the hand-counts ain't proceed-ing,*
*"Our one last hope…is…gone!"*

*All the counties stopped their counting,*
*which cheered up the GOP;*
*Grumbled Gore, "I had it won*
*until the High Court clobbered me;"*
*Though, of course, it might have helped*
*if he had carried Tennessee —*
*His fi-nal chance was gone!*

*Rehnquist, Thomas and Scal-i-a —*
*Hot…for Bush, we'll guaran-tee ya*
*Shaft…ed Gore and hollered, "See ya!"*
*His fi-nal chance was gone!*



*So, congratulations, George,*
*you somehow found a way to win;*
*You have squeaked into the White House*
*by a margin razor-thin;*
*You will serve a single term,*
*then lose when Hillary gets in —*
*Four years, and you'll…be…gone!*

*Glory! Glory! No more wait-ing!*
*No…more endless tabulat-ing!*
*No…more talking heads debat-ing!*
*Some-how we'll stag-ger on!*

IN OUR LAST EPISODE... AARGH! GET A MOVE ON AND GET THIS THING OUT OF ME!

POUND! POUND!

NO PROBLEM! YOU COULD DELIVER SHAQUILLE O'NEAL THROUGH THIS ABYSS! OKAY... HERE WE GO... IT'S...

A BRAND NEW BABY BOY!

HE'S BEAUTIFUL!

NOW THIS IS A SON WORTH SAVING OUR MARRIAGE FOR!

AND NOW THE THRILLING CONCLUSION OF...

# MONROE and... THE SPECIAL DELIVERY

OKAY, DOLL, WE'RE ALL SET.

YOU PAID THE BILL?

SORTA. I GAVE THOSE SUCKERS A POST-DATED THIRD-PARTY CHECK. LISTEN, NEXT TIME DO ME A FAVOR AND TRY TO HAVE THE KID IN THE CAR ON THE WAY OVER. I COULDA BOUGHT A BOAT WITH ALL THAT DOUGH.

I HEAR THAT.

VA-ROOOM

ARE YOU GUYS REALLY GETTING BACK TOGETHER?

YOUR FATHER AND I ARE GOING TO TAKE THINGS SLOW.

YEAH, SLOW UNTIL THE RUM STARTS FLOWING!

I HEAR THAT.

BUT TO ANSWER YOUR QUESTION, YES, WE OWE IT TO THIS LITTLE GUY TO TRY AND MAKE IT WORK!

HOW COME YOU NEVER TRIED TO MAKE IT WORK FOR ME?

OH, WE DID! BUT IN THE END, WE REALIZED YOU WERE THE MAIN REASON WE SPLIT UP IN THE FIRST PLACE!

I HEAR THAT.

MAYBE YOU SHOULD CUT DOWN ON YOUR PAIN KILLERS, MOM.



ARTIST: BILL WRAY WRITER: ANTHONY BARBIERI

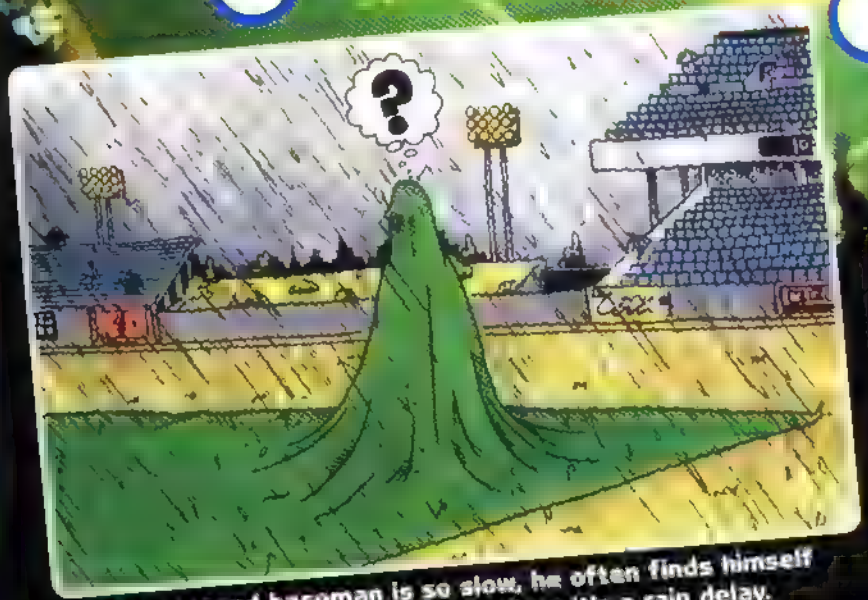
HERE WE ARE, SWEETIE, YOUR NEW HOME! NOW LET'S PUT YOU DOWN FOR A NAP.
HEY, WHERE'S THE BABY GOING TO SLEEP?
OH, HE'LL BE SHARING THE ROOM WITH YOUR GRANDFATHER.
UMMM, BUT GRANDPA SLEEPS IN MY ROOM WITH ME!
NOTHING GETS BY YOU, KID. YOU'RE MOVING TO THE BASEMENT
THE BASEMENT?!
IT WORKS BETTER THIS WAY. GRANDPA AND THE BABY CAN HAVE THEIR NIGHTLY CHANGING TOGETHER!
AND HERE YOU GO, SPORT!
UM, DAD, WHY ARE YOU PUTTING THAT IN MY ROOM?
IT'S A BABY-MONITOR. IT'S LIKE A WALKIE-TALKIE FOR YOU AND THE BABY!
YEAH, I KNOW, BUT SHOULDN'T YOU AND MOM--
SAFE BABY
HEY, WILL YOU LOOK AT THE TIME? CSI'S ON! I HEAR THIS WEEK THEY FIND THREE DECOMPOSING BODIES IN A SWAMP!
THREE A.M.! THIS IS RIDICULOUS!
AAAHH!!
WHEN YOU'RE DONE THERE, HOW ABOUT SPOONING ME UP SOME STRAINED BEETS?
FORGET IT, GRANDPA!
BUT I'M HUNGWY, TOO!
WAAAHHH!

SEE, THE BED FITS REAL GOOD! JUST DON'T SIT UP TOO FAST OR YOU'RE GOING TO HIT THAT PIPE!
IT'S COLD AND DAMP DOWN HERE. IT FEELS LIKE MY LUNGS ARE FILLING WITH FLUID!
FUN, HUH? JUST LIKE THE WATER-PARK!
ER I GUESS SO.
LATER THAT NIGHT...
WAAAAAHHH!
MOM, THE BABY'S BEEN CRYING FOR AN HOUR! CAN'T YOU HEAR THAT?
HE'S JUST HUNGRY. THERE'S A BOTTLE FOR HIM IN THE FRIDGE. OH, AND SPEAKING OF BOTTLES, WHILE YOU'RE UP, THERE'S A BOTTLE OF VODKA IN THE FREEZER
AND SOME LIMES IN THE FRUIT DRAWER!
UH UH OH YEAH OH YEAH YEAH
OH UH BIG OH
LISTEN, GUYS, I WAS UP ALL NIGHT!
SOMETHING HAS TO BE DONE ABOUT THE BABY!
YOU'RE ABSOLUTELY RIGHT!
AM I?
YEAH, WE CAN'T KEEP CALLING HIM "THE BABY". WE NEED TO NAME HIM!
HEY, WAIT A SEC.

MONROE
OKAY, LET'S HEAR EVERYONE'S CHOICES...
IN MY DAY, YOU GAVE A KID A GOOD B.B.CAL NAME. I'M GOING WITH "DEUTERONOMY"!
GREAT. WHY DON'T YOU JUST TATTOO "JESUS FREAK" ON HIS DAMN FACE! "ADOLPH"?-- NOW THERE'S A GOOD NAME!
I SAY WE GO WITH "PUKE-O"! DID YOU SEE WHAT HE DID TO MY SWEATSHIRT?
OKAY, OKAY, BOYS. I GUESS IT'S UP TO MOMMY TO NAME HIM. WE'LL CALL HIM...
...PERRY!!
"PERRY"?!
YES, PERRY! IT SMACKS OF NOBILITY! BESIDES, THAT WAS THE NAME OF THE MAN WHO TOOK MY VIRGINITY-- MY FIRST AND ONLY TRUE LOVE!
"TRUE LOVE" HELL! HE WAS YOUR HIGH SCHOOL GYM COACH!
ANYWAY, MONROE, NOW THAT PERRY HAS A NEW NAME, HE'LL NEED A FEW OTHER NEW THINGS! SO I NEED YOU TO PICK UP SOME SHEETS, BLANKETS, A TEDDY BEAR, SHIRTS, PANTS, SOCKS, SIPPY CUPS AND DIAPERS!
HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO PAY FOR ALL THAT?
USE YOUR ALLOWANCE-- REMEMBER, WE'RE ALL GOING TO HAVE TO PITCH IN NOW THAT LITTLE PERRY'S HERE. WE CAN'T ALWAYS COUNT ON YOUR FATHER WINNING AT THE TRACK!
OH, WHICH REMINDS ME, CAN YOU ALSO PICK UP SOME SWABS? I'LL NEED YOU TO CLEAN OUT MY BREAST MILK PUMP!
THIS SUCKS THIS REALLY, REALLY SUCKS!
BILL WRAY

Ah, baseball's spring training camps! The crack of the bat...the sound of the ball hitting the supple leather of the glove...and the dream that *maybe* this year will be the year your team makes it all the way to the World Series. Well, if you live in a major TV market with a team owner who's shelled out tens of millions for mediocre players and *hundreds* of millions for egotistical, pampered "superstars," that's your dream. For the rest of you suckers, get ready to suffer through another year of watered-down expansion baseball played by a bunch of disgruntled wannabes! But in the interest of you remaining few cockeyed optimists who still believe your lousy team has a shot at the Fall Classic, we present...

# Clear-Cut Clues Your Team's Not Going to Win the Pennant!




Your second baseman is so slow, he often finds himself "tarped" long before he realizes it's a rain delay.

The Disabled List is littered with Fungo-related mishaps.

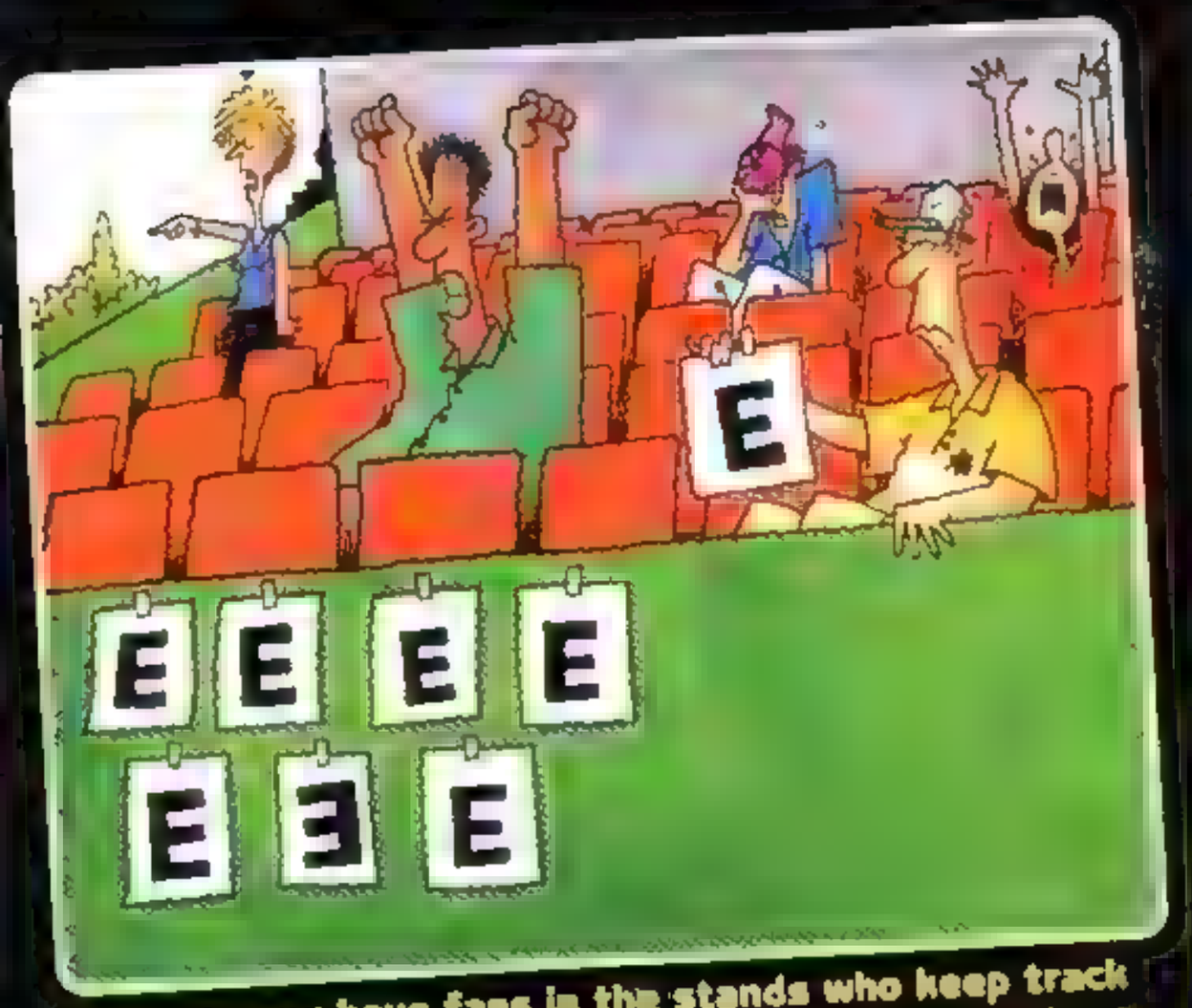
Your first baseman is often referred to as "The Amish Carl Yastrzemski."

ARTIST AND WRITER: JOHN CALDWELL

# Clear-Cut Clues Your Team's Not Going to Win the Pennant!

Your manager's use of the confusing "butterfly" lineup card often results in three guys trying to bat eighth.

When a guy in the stands catches a foul ball in his beer cup and the TV announcer bellows "sign that man up!" — they do.

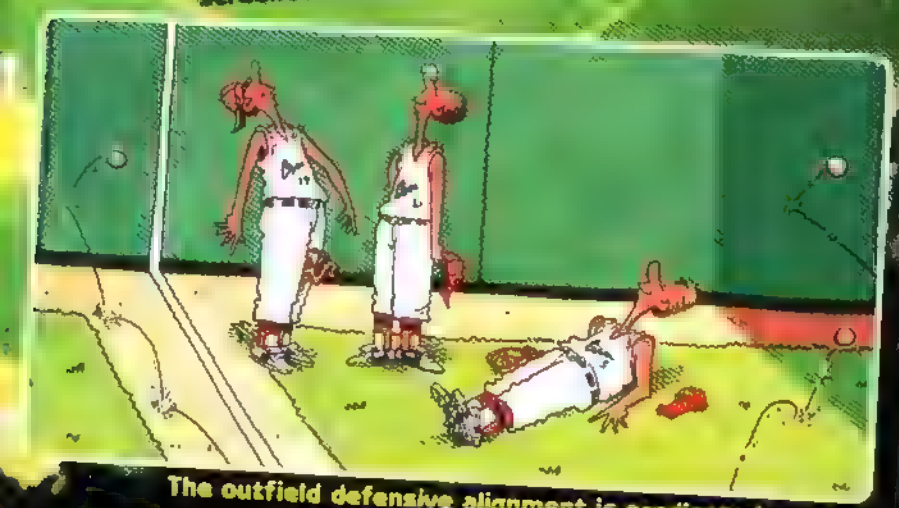



Other teams have fans in the stands who keep track of their pitcher's strikeouts with "K" signs. You've got a guy who chronicles your shortstop's errors.

Fans arrive early at the ballpark, not to see towering batting practice homeruns, but to wager on the number of wind-sprint-induced dry heaves.

The manager's calls to the bullpen are "screened" and not returned for days.

The groundskeeper uses your team's at-bats to mow the outfield.



The outfield defensive alignment is predicated on catching the best rays.

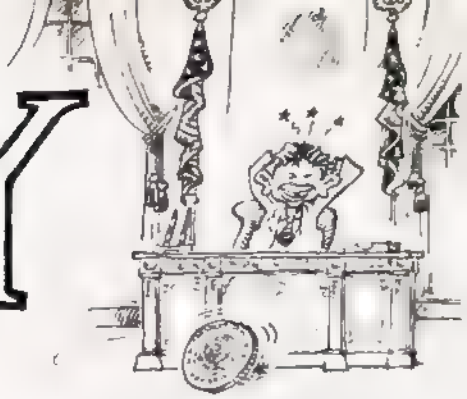
Like every other team, you've signed a two-sport athlete. Unlike every other team, your guy's a figure skater.

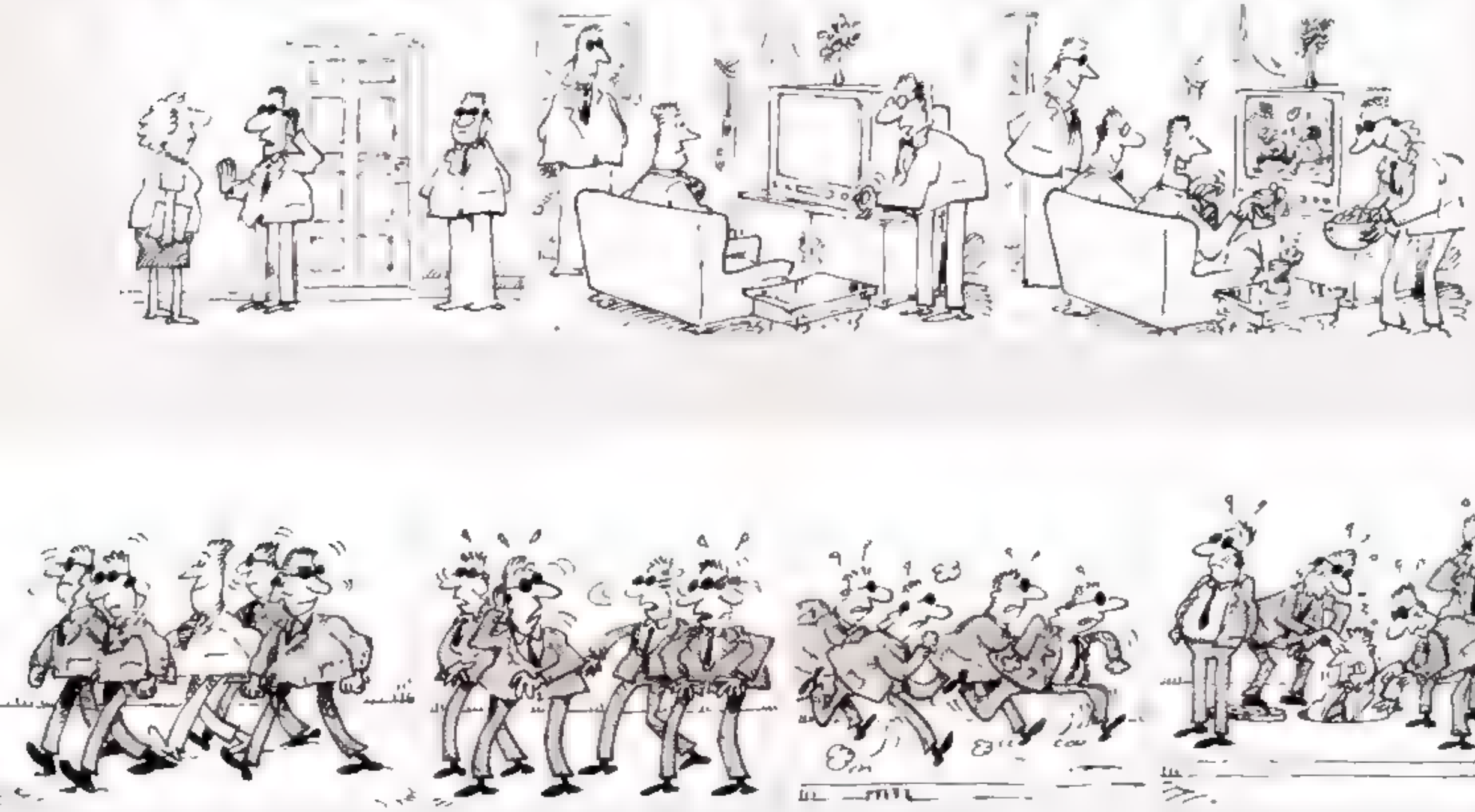
Instead of lively infield chatter, show tunes in four-part harmony.

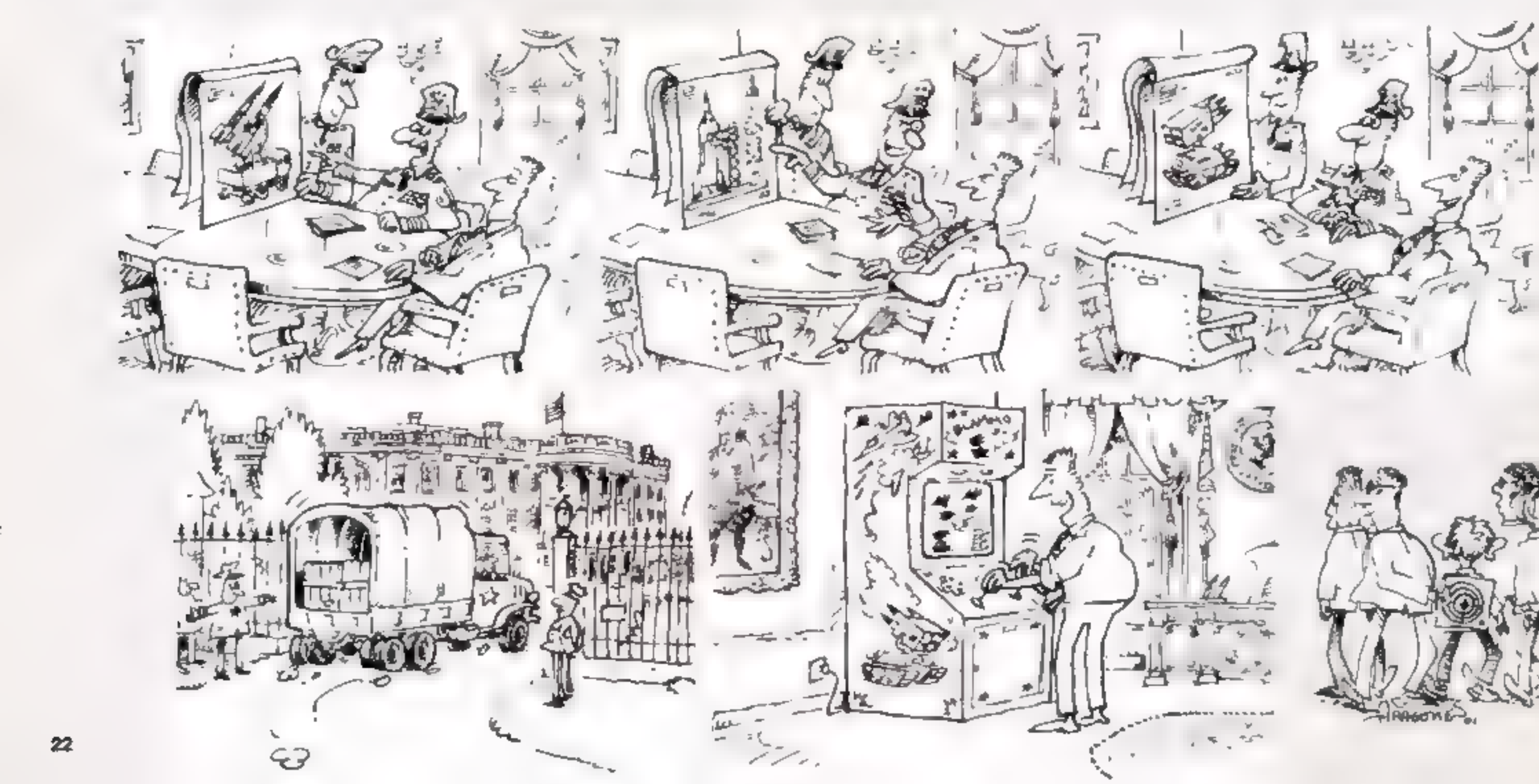
# A MAD LOOK AT THE

ARTIST AND WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

# PRESIDENCY







# NOW — THROUGH THE WONDER OF HYPNOSIS, YOU CAN LOSE WEIGHT!*

(*and a fair amount of money)

Maybe you've experienced a few telltale signs that you're gaining unwanted weight. Your pants fit a bit tighter. You have to open your belt another notch. The only way you can fit through a doorway is sideways. When you arrive at the airport for your flight, you're put in the cargo hold. The Department of Transportation requires you to wear a "Wide Load" sign on your butt. Subtle indicators? Yes. But they *are* warning signals that you're gaining weight.

*"They broke every bad eating habit I had, and even some I didn't have!"*
*— Dave Gravy, Chumpville, OH*

Then the question arises, "How do I shed those extra ounces, pounds and tons?" Anyone who's tried to lose weight knows what a struggle it can be. Consciously, we want to slim down, but it's our donut-devouring, fat-loving subconscious mind that sabotages even our best intentions. But NOW you can forever conquer your bad habits with the help of **MODERN** hypnosis, a hypnosis *so* modern that you're hypnotized with a digital watch, not one of those old-fashioned ones with the annoying hands that go around and around!

*"I felt like a giant weight had been lifted when the doctor got off me!"*
*— Neve Large-Nostrils, Tickton, ME*

Why hypnosis? Because diets don't work. They treat the symptom, not the cause. And you don't really want to eat a rice cake anyway — it tastes like freakin' sawdust! No, what you really want is an Oreo cookie — just one. But a deep subconscious urge ignores your best intentions and insists you eat half the box. Meanwhile, the "fat-pig" side of you insists you eat the other half.

*"They can help you build self-esteem, no matter how big of a cow you are!"*
*— Helga Drainington, Upchuck, PA*

But with **MODERN** hypnosis, we reprogram those destructive inclinations and replace them with subtle, healthier thoughts. Then, when you're tempted to pig out, these subtle, healthier thoughts kick in:

- *"My wife put just enough poison in the pie she baked to cause me a slow, agonizing death."*
- *"The chef dropped the steak I've just been served on the dirty kitchen floor while cooking it."*
- *"There's rat droppings in the brownies."*

Amazingly, you'll find that just thinking these subtle, yet potent thoughts goes a long way toward cutting down on your appetite.

PHOTOGRAPHER IRVING SCHILD WRITER DICK DEBARTOLO

Thanks to hypnosis, in the first session alone, this patient will leave about five pounds lighter!*

*In cash and jewelry

Dr. Spellbound has over 15 years experience in making this idiotic expression.

Old myths about hypnosis are fading, and a more educated public is embracing entirely *new* myths about hypnosis. At the forefront of these unbelievable new myths is Dr. Richard Spellbound, Executive Director of Dramatic Changes, whose far-fetched hypnosis therapy has been adopted by some of the world's most respected hospitals, including The Betty Fraud Clinic, Mount Cyanide and Our Lady of the Hopelessly Chubby.

The most common misconception about hypnosis is that it can make a person do something against their will. But the truth is, as Dr. Spellbound always says, "We can't get people to do anything they don't want to do! That's why we require payment for the entire treatment program *before* the first visit!"

Hypnosis is considered by many to be a sensible alternative to conventional medical treatment, superior even to leeches or cutting off limbs to reduce weight. Dr. Spellbound's approach is totally comprehensive and includes mind, body, spirit, drugs, alcohol and expert insurance company fraud.

Dr. Spellbound is so convinced his treatment is your solution to losing weight that he makes this iron-clad guarantee: "If after just one session you feel that **MODERN** hypnosis is not right for you, I will put you in a trance and make you think that you've received **A FULL REFUND!**

**Not convinced yet? Then stare into this circle, deep into this circle.**

You are growing tired, your sales resistance is fading... fading... fading. Feel yourself falling... falling... falling for anything. Now pick up that phone and call 1-555-LOSELARD. And have your credit card number handy! We're hypnotists, not mind readers!

ARTIST: PETER KUPER WRITER: MICHAEL GALLAGHER

# KA?

# 5

ROAMIN' NUMERALS DEPT.

In last year's presidential election debates, George W. accused Al Gore of "fuzzy math." While no one was quite sure what that term meant, it caught on, along with "Whaasuuup?" and "Who let the dogs out?" as one of the more annoyingly repeated phrases of the year. So what exactly does it mean? We sent a fax to Fed Chairman and numbers guru Alan Greenspan and asked him for an informed explanation. Since he never responded, we were forced to come up with our own theory...

# Fuzzy Math is...

...when a 55-year-old guy starts dating a 26-year-old girl and insists there's "really not

...when you pat yourself on the back for saving $3.50 by ordering a book over

...when you buy a $1,000 stereo on a charge card because you can pay "only"

...when you give a few old ratty shirts to charity, overestimate their value

...when you go out to dinner with a friend and you get the salad and

...when your mother spends $2 in gas driving to a supermarket

...when your father gives you $20 to go pick up a $7 pizza and a $2

...when you hear the guys from Napster claim that allowing the public

...when a teacher assigns you a 500-word essay, and you have to count

...when a magazine raises its price for the same garbage year after year,

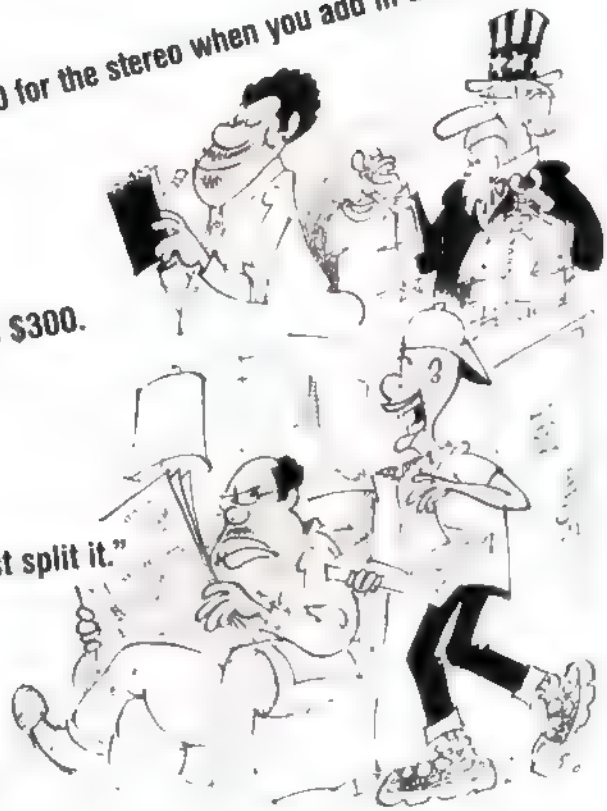
ARTIST PAUL COKER

that much difference" in their age.

the internet, but never stop to think that you also spent $5 on shipping and handling.

$20 per month, and never stop to consider that you're actually paying $1,750 for the stereo when you add in the interest.

at $250, and then when filling out your income tax round the $250 up to $300.



he gets the steak, then when the bill comes, he says, "why don't we just split it."

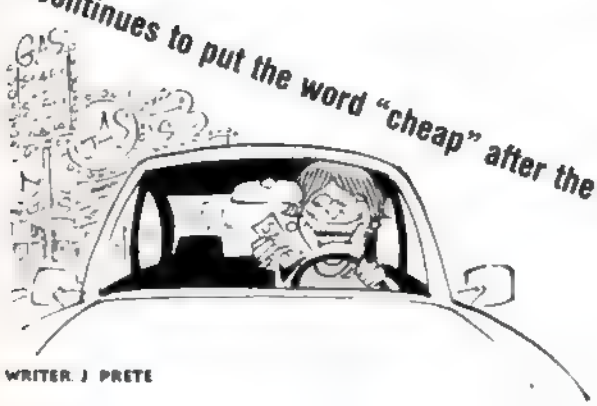
across town because she has a coupon for 50 cents off frozen peas.

bottle of soda, and when you come home you tell him, "there is no change."

to download millions of songs for free will result in more money for the recording artists.

your name, grade, the date and the title of the essay in order to make it to 500.

but continues to put the word "cheap" after the price.



IN THE EYE OF THE DORM DEPT.

**College life just wouldn't be the same without all the great people you meet. And who could be more important than that special person you share your dorm room with for semester after glorious semester? You could forge a bond of friendship that lasts a lifetime. But chances are, it'll go more like...**

# MAD'S COLLEGE

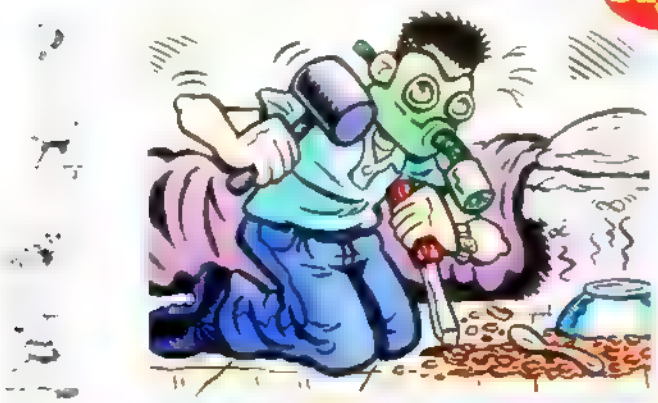
ARTIST: TERRY LABAN WRITER: KENNY BYERLY

Arrive in dorm room. Meet roommate, who has already moved in and claimed all shelf space and both closets.

Eat meals together because you haven't bothered to meet anyone with whom you have something remotely in common.

Begin to realize that roommate never intends to pick up the cereal and milk he spilled on floor on Day 7.

Courteously wait an extra hour for roommate to come back for dinner, only to learn that he's met someone with whom he does have something remotely in common, and has been at the dining hall, eating

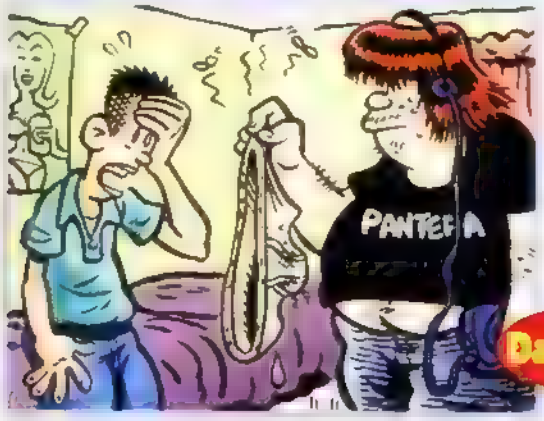



Clean up cereal mess because you can't stand to look at it any longer. Quietly seethe.

First midterm. Roommate plays computer games nonstop as you attempt to study

# ROOMMATE TIMELINE

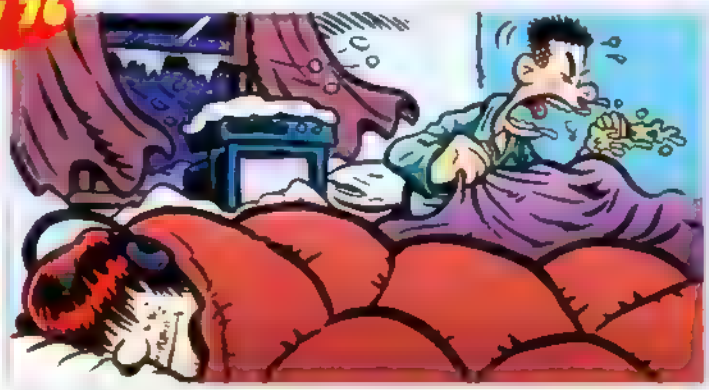
CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE




Day 67

Catch roommate wearing your clothes and demand that he return them immediately. He gives them back a week later without laundering them.

Day 76

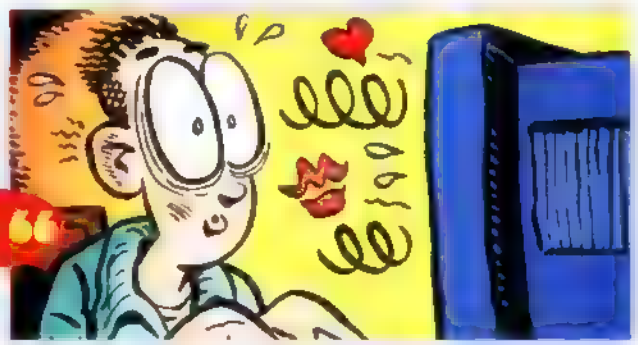


Roommate insists on leaving window open all night, causing you to get ill before midterms.

You bring date back to room; hint strongly at desire for privacy, only to be ignored.

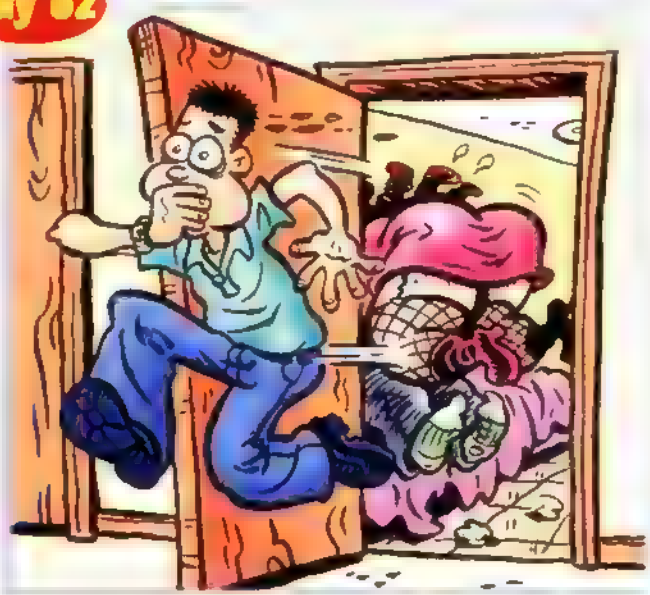
Day 55

Day 66



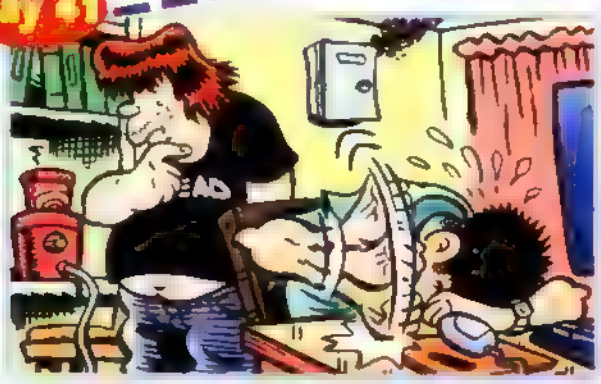
Realize your roommate has been using your computer when you discover that your hard drive now contains 10 gigabytes of hardcore pornography and a crippling computer virus.

Day 62



Roommate brings date back to room. You stay, just for spite...and wish you hadn't.

Day 41



While re-heating Super-Caf-Triple-Mocha Latte in forbidden hot pot, roommate blows fuse to room just before you save your term paper on your hard drive.

# MAD's College Roommate Timeline

**Day 77**

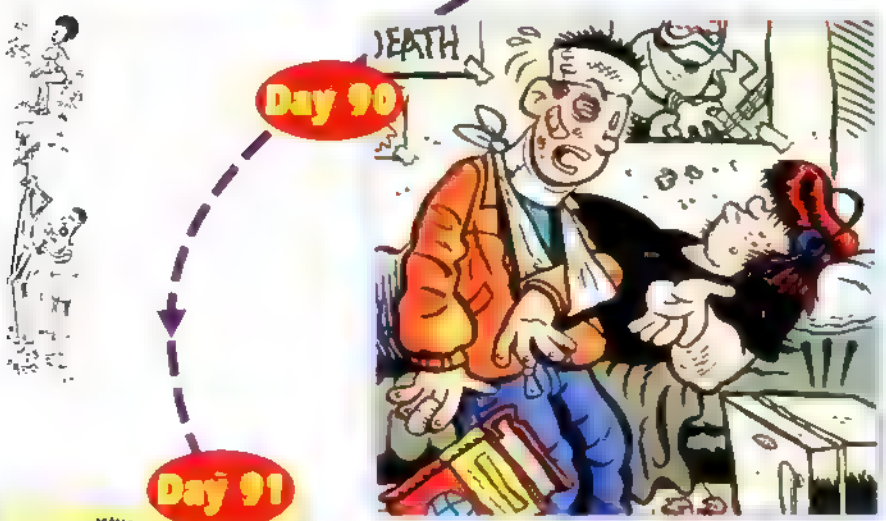
Retaliate at roommate for open window incident by spitting germ-infested saliva on his toothbrush, only to be foiled because he never uses it.

**Day 81**

Devise a new schedule that minimizes time spent in the room when roommate is there.

**Day 82**

Find out roommate's been hiding his stash on your side of the room when campus security suddenly bursts in and writes you up.

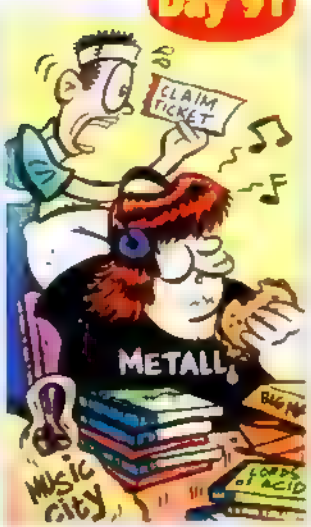



**Day 90**

Return to room after renting a video, only to find that roommate has lent out your television.

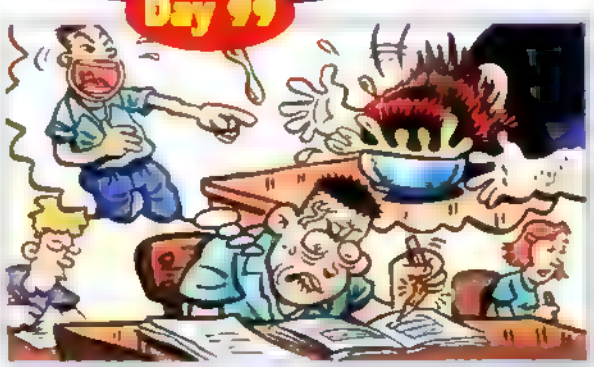
**Day 101**

Move out and impetuously sign apartment lease. Later, when you do the math, you realize that you can't afford the place without a roommate to share the rent.




**Day 91**

Learn that by "lent," roommate actually meant "pawned."

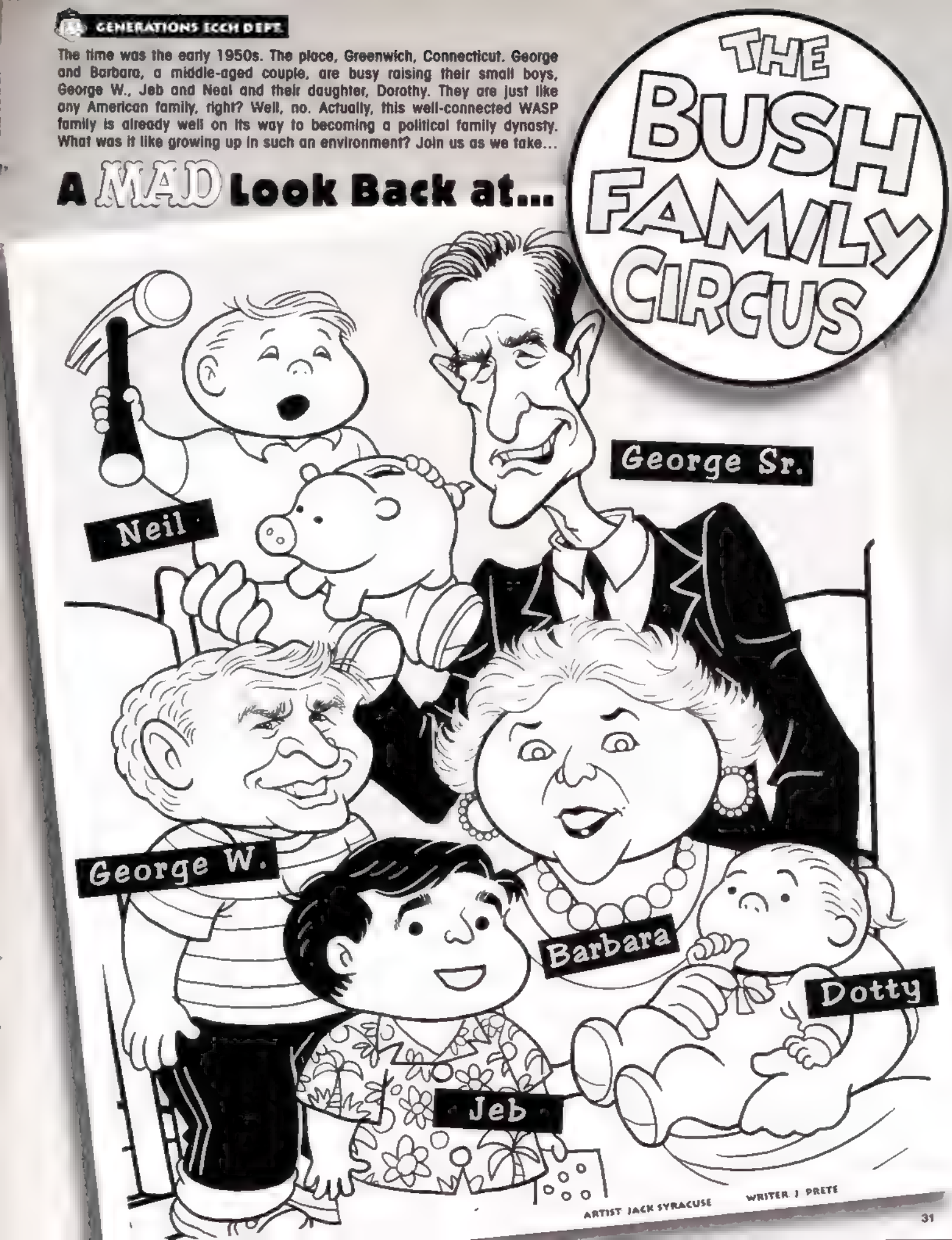


**Day 99**

During Renaissance Literature Final have series of uncontrollable fantasies in which you poison roommate with MSG from Ramen noodle packet. Fail exam.

The time was the early 1950s. The place, Greenwich, Connecticut. George and Barbara, a middle-aged couple, are busy raising their small boys, George W., Jeb and Neal and their daughter, Dorothy. They are just like any American family, right? Well, no. Actually, this well-connected WASP family is already well on its way to becoming a political family dynasty. What was it like growing up in such an environment? Join us as we take...

# A MAD Look Back at...



# A MAD LOOK BACK AT... THE BUSH FAMILY CIRCUS

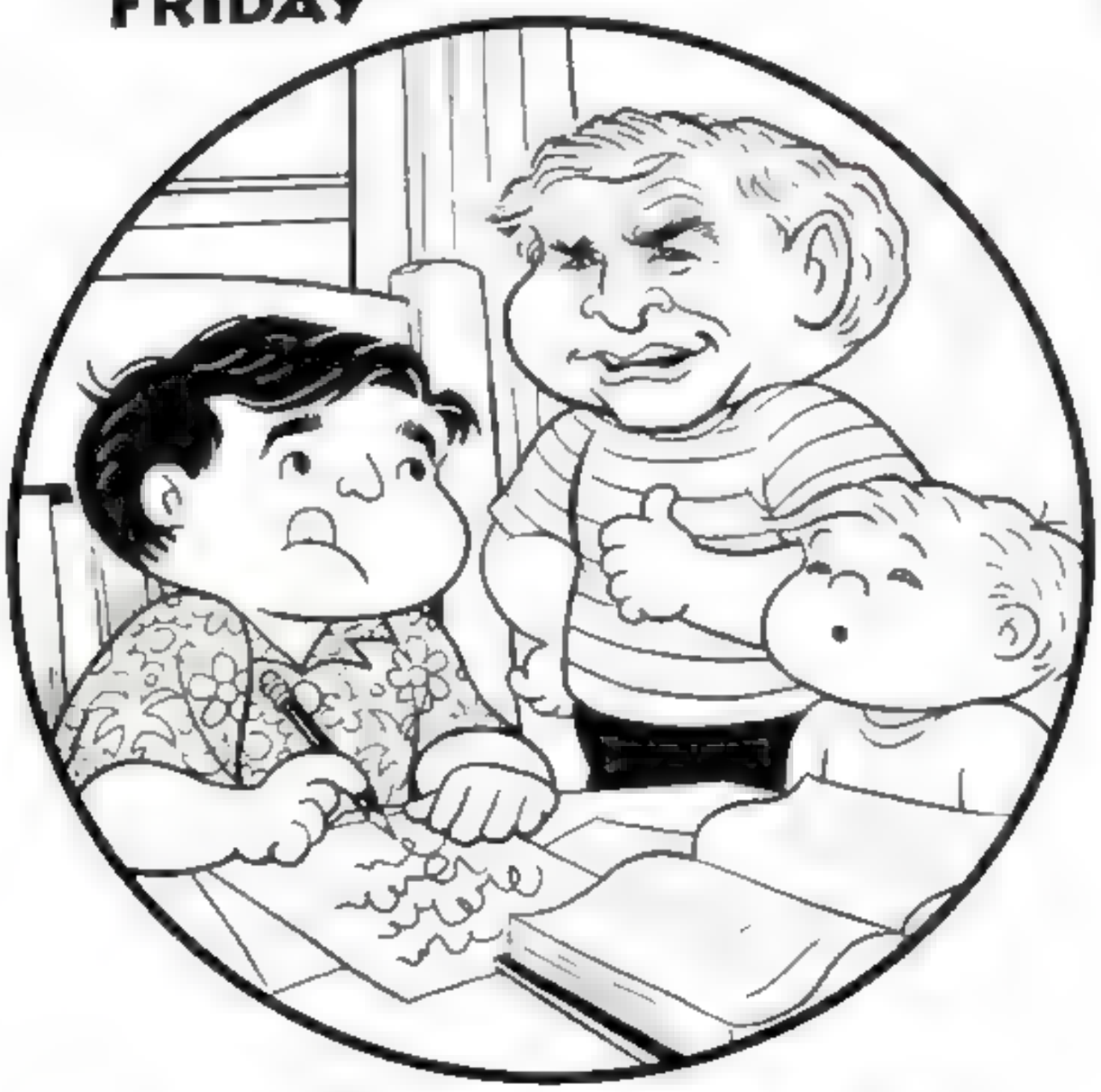
## MONDAY

"Makin' signs is great, but if I'm gonna win this thing I'm gonna need you to fix the vote in your class!"

## TUESDAY

"Whatever you do, don't ever tell mom she looks old enough to be our grandmother!"

## FRIDAY



"Studyin' is for suckers. When I grow up I'm just gonna have some of dad's rich friends keep settin' me up in businesses."

## SATURDAY

"Mommy, daddy puked in my lap again!"

## WEDNESDAY

"My teacher says I do 'fuzzy math.'"

## THURSDAY

"Someday, I'm going to fry some bastards for real!"

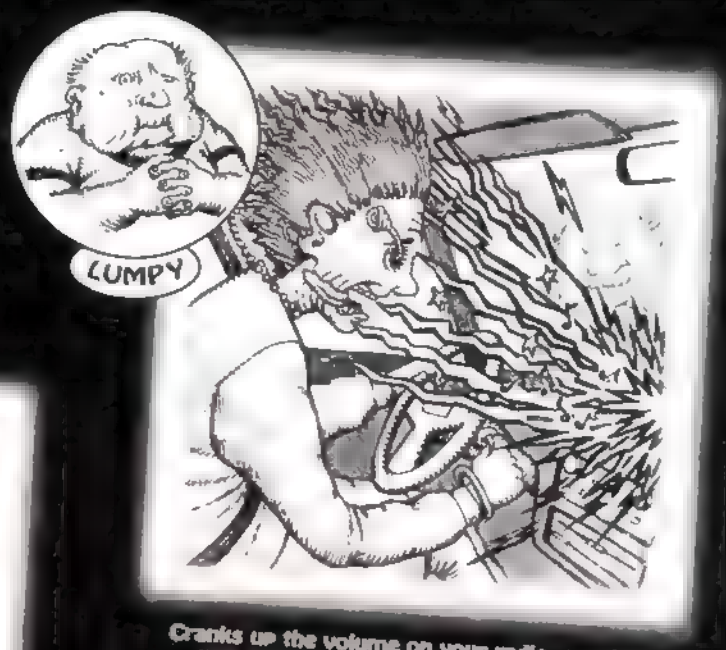
## SUNDAY

SMELLS LIKE MEAN SPIRITS DEPT

Are you paranoid? Do you think your so-called friends and family want nothing more than to ruin your life? To fill it with misery and suffering? Well calm down, Spazza, 'cause we here at MAD are happy to put your fears to rest. Your loved ones aren't out to get you! But someone else is...

# KNOW YOUR

Causes water to splash onto your crotch, so it looks like you have the bladder control of your 97-year-old grandfather




Cranks up the volume on your radio, so when you start you car in the morning you're suddenly blasted into oblivion by teeth-rattling, brain-piercing, eardrum-damaging music

Pushes all your sheets to the bottom of the bed, so you wake up colder than Leonardo DiCaprio's frozen lifeless corpse at the end of *Titanic*

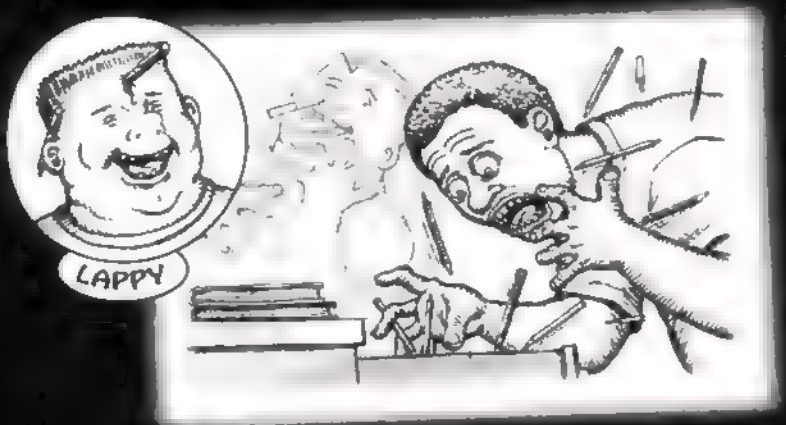
Makes your grandmother walk in on you while you're watching a movie with your date at the precise moment a sex scene starts

Trips you in front of a crowd of at least 46 people, so you look like a freakin' spazoid

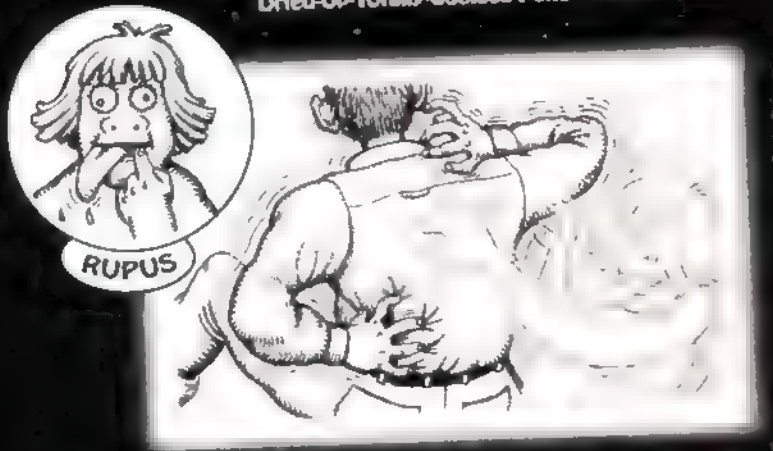
# GHOSTS

ARTIST: JAMES WARHOLA

WRITER: RYAN PAGELOW




Enjoys tormenting you by playing The "Hide-Your-Only-Working-Pen-In-the-Drawer-Full-of-Dozens-of-Dried-Up-Totally-Useless-Pens" game




Makes any shirt that looks good on you itch as if your entire back was being attacked by flesh-eating fire ants

Puts bags of repulsive barbecue popcorn that no one ever buys in front of the chips you love in the vending machine

Makes the shower either skin-numbing freezing cold or skin-disintegrating scalding hot no matter how you adjust the shower knob

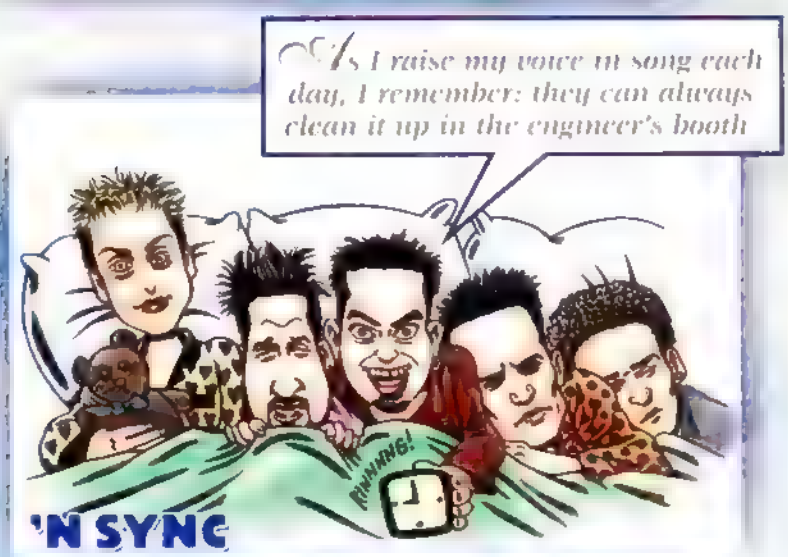
Wakes you up at the wildest part of your deviant sex dream and prevents you from returning to it when you go back to sleep

**PRAY AS YOU GO DEPT.**

With all of the craziness going on in the world around us — planes falling from the sky, squabbles in the Middle East, Brad Pitt and Jennifer Aniston spending $80,000 for flowers at their wedding — people sometimes find it difficult to focus on what is really important in life: themselves! To help re-center their attention and build confidence, many people recite a daily affirmation — a little pseudo-prayer of a few inspirational words that they foolishly believe will help them get through their miserable day. And since no one has a tougher life than the rich and famous (Editor's note: We're being sarcastic, clod!), we offer up these

# Daily Affirmations of the

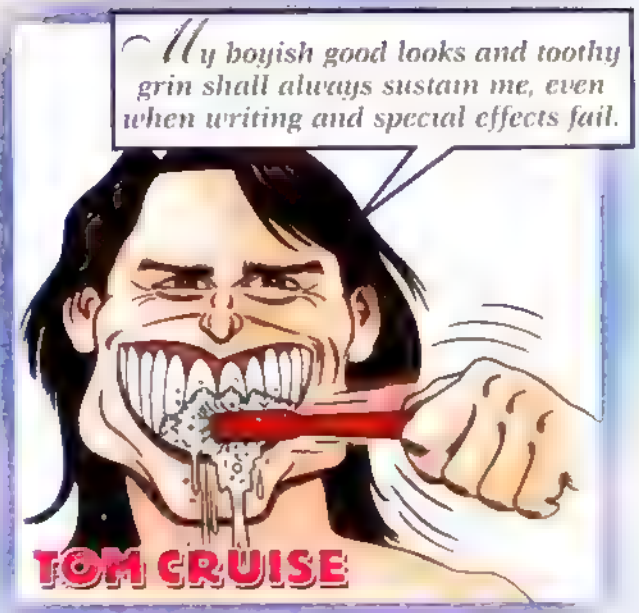
"Today I will further exploit the Racial Divide for my own vain desire to be on TV."
HAIR GOOP
EXTRA STRONG HAIR SPRAY
AL SHARPTON

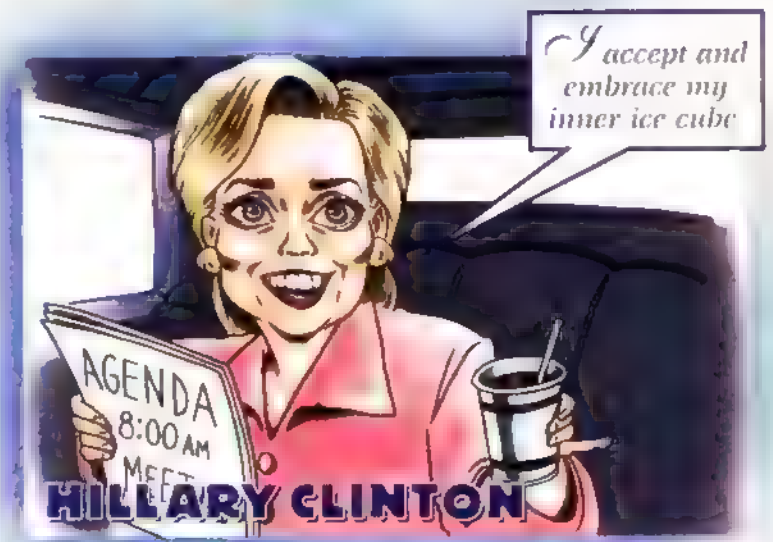



ARTIST: RICK TULKA WRITER: MIKE SNIDER

# Rich & Famous

Today I will strangle only those who are most deserving.
BOBBY KNIGHT


My boyish good looks and toothy grin shall always sustain me, even when writing and special effects fail.
TOM CRUISE

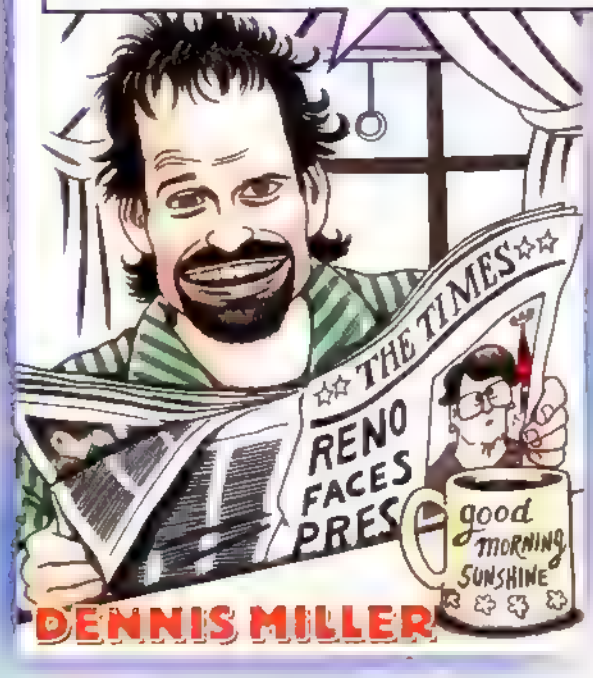

I accept and embrace my inner ice cube
AGENDA
8:00 AM
HILLARY CLINTON

Everyday presents infinite opportunities for my "psycho chick" act to get me press.
HOLIDAY INN
ANGELINA JOLIE

I have the power to unite all of mankind, even if it is only in changing the channel the instant they see me
BRYANT GUMBEL

# Daily Affirmations of the Rich & Famous

*I don't want to get off on an Affirmation here, but I've got more confidence than Janet Reno right before they announce the winner of this year's "Ugliest Woman in the World" contest. But that's just my opinion. I could be wrong.*




DENNIS MILLER

*I am special: I can introduce 10 videos in an hour better than anyone in the history of introducing 10 videos in an hour.*

CARSON DALY

*Today I will celebrate and give free rein to the idiot within — and make sure to get it all on videotape.*

TOM GREEN

*Every day, in every way, I'm getting far too perky for someone my age.*

KATIE COURIC

*Today I will make every woman in the country feel inadequate about their relationships, in order to compensate for my own pathetic love life.*

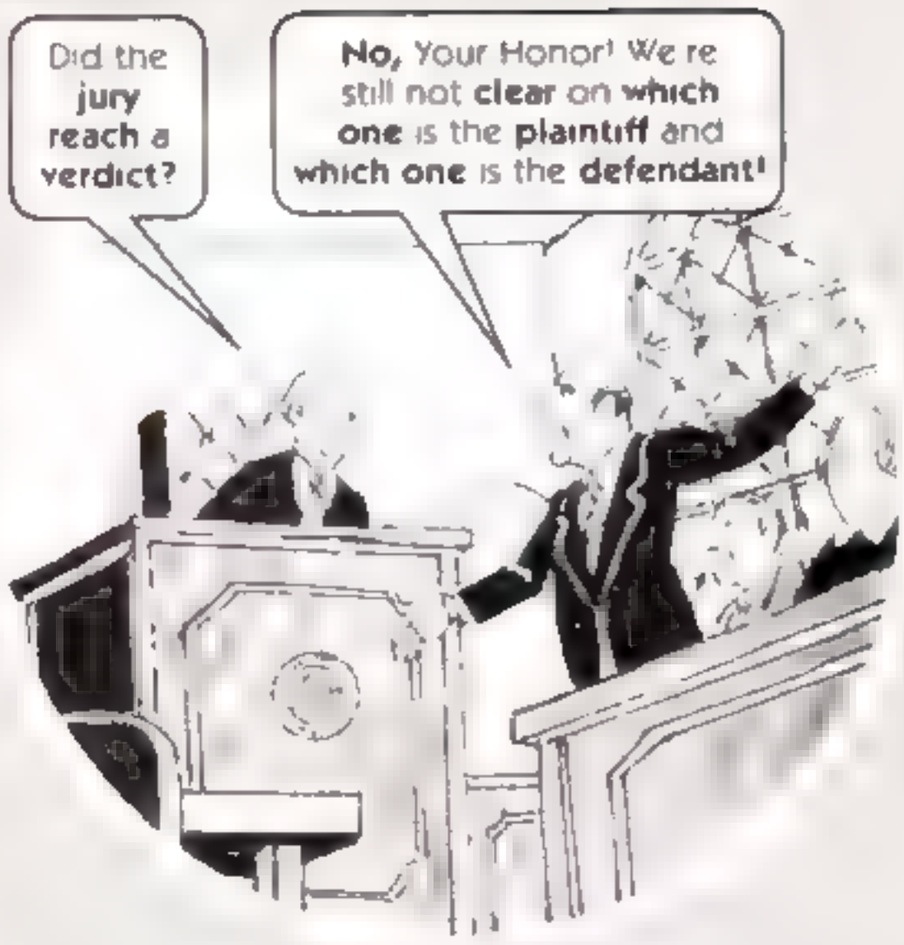
OPRAH WINFREY

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

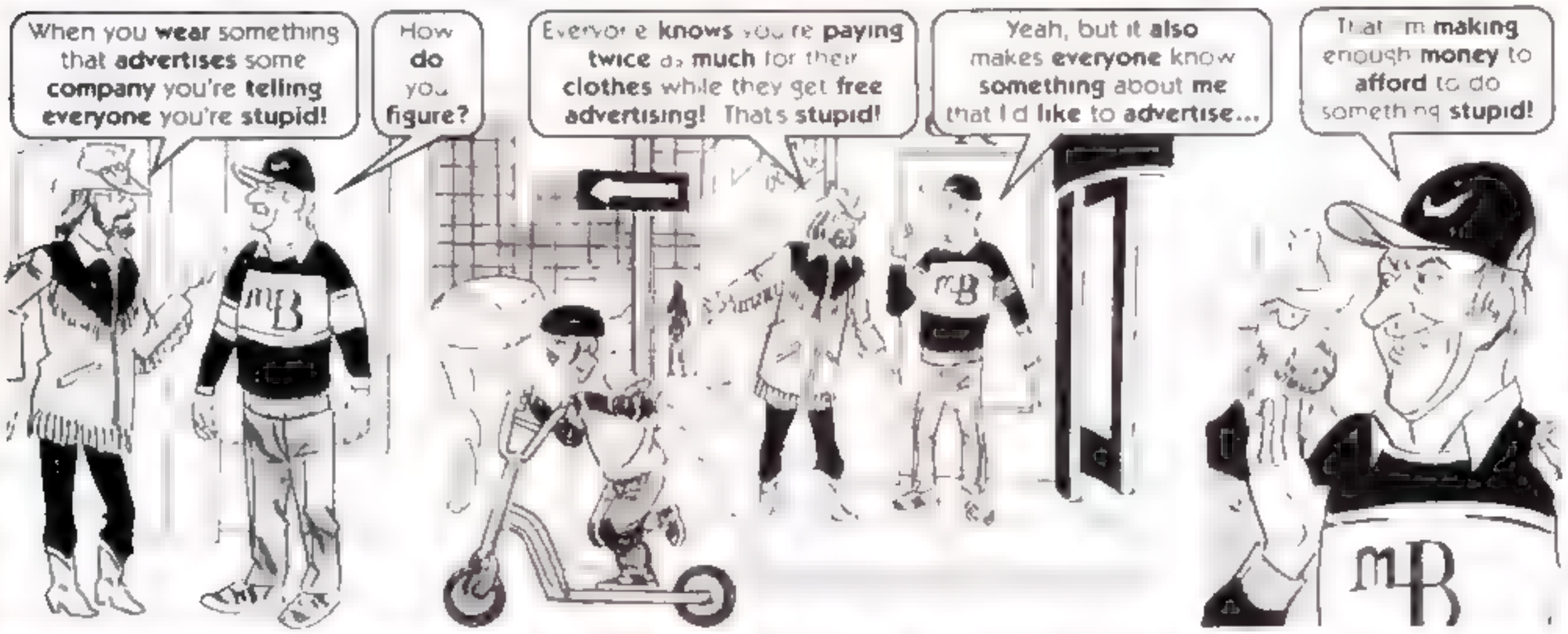
# THE LIGHTER SIDE

ARTIST AND WRITER DAVE BERG

## JUSTICE


Did the jury reach a verdict?
No, Your Honor! We're still not clear on which one is the plaintiff and which one is the defendant!

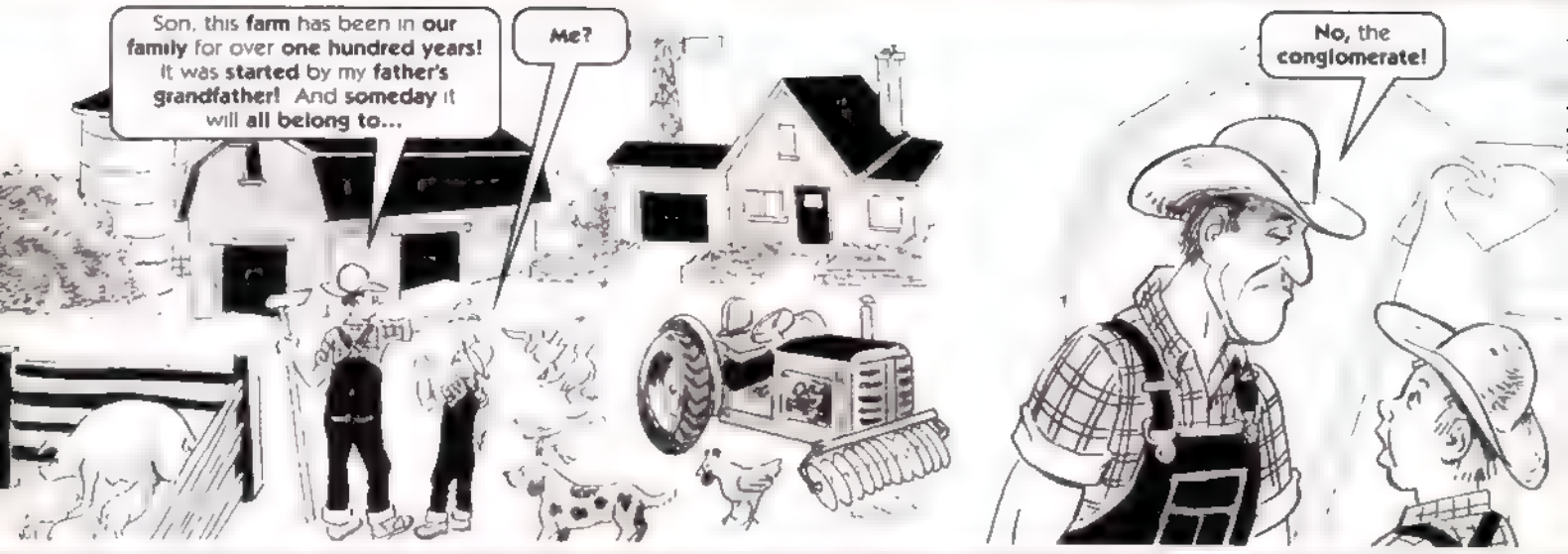
## IMPRESSIONS


When you wear something that advertises some company you're telling everyone you're stupid!
How do you figure?
Everyone knows you're paying twice as much for their clothes while they get free advertising! That's stupid!
Yeah, but it also makes everyone know something about me that I'd like to advertise...
That's making enough money to afford to do something stupid!

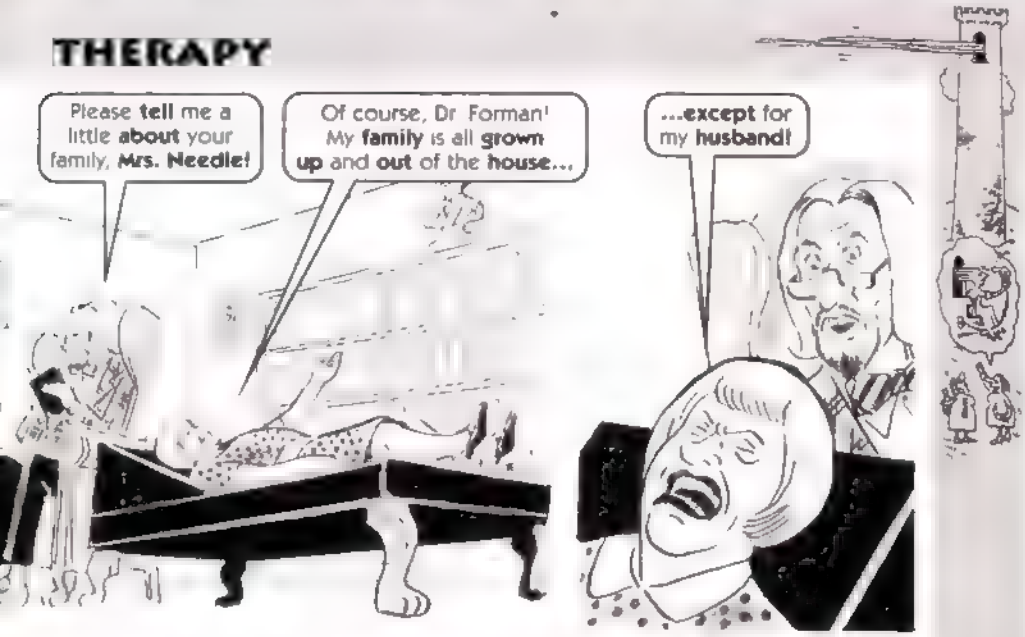
## PRIORITIES

Hi, honey! I wanted to show you how wrong you are about me not being a concerned husband! Here I am on the ninth hole calling you
Just to find out how you're feeling with your labor pains!

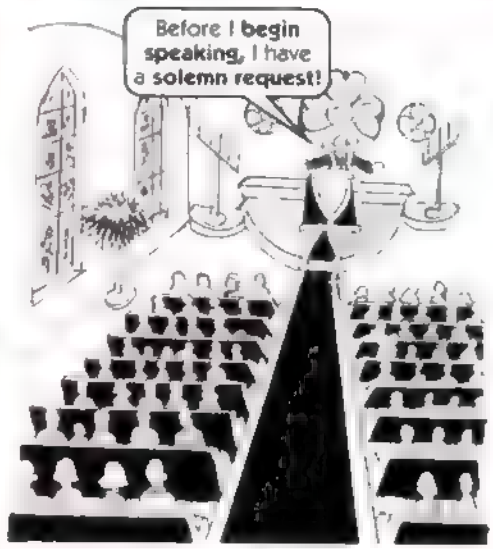
## THE FUTURE


Son, this **farm** has been in **our family** for over **one hundred years!** It was **started** by my **father's grandfather!** And **someday** it will **all belong to...**
**Me?**
**No,** the **conglomerate!**

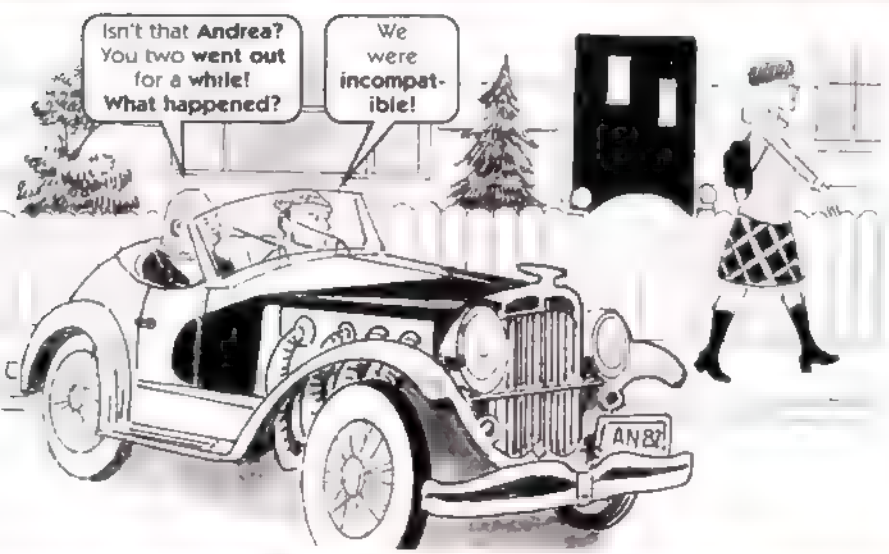
## THERAPY


Please **tell** me a little **about** your family, **Mrs. Needle!**
Of course, Dr. Forman! My **family** is all **grown up** and **out** of the **house...**
**...except** for my **husband!**

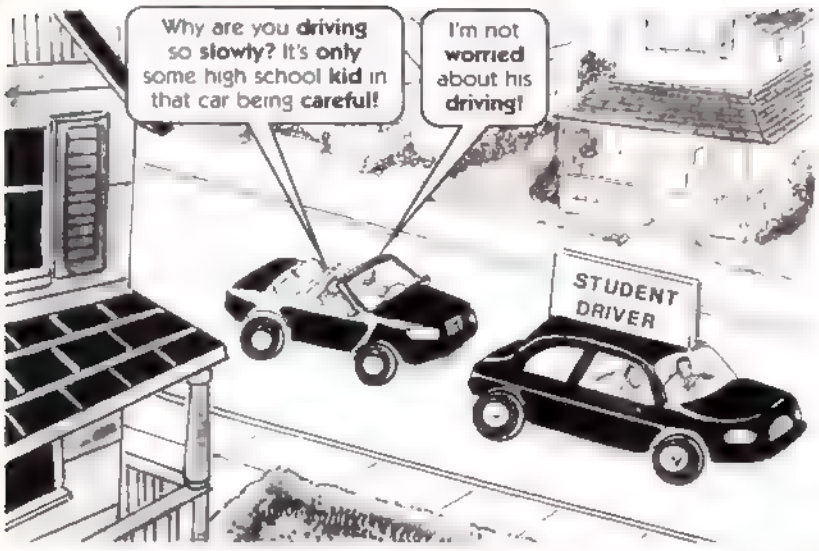
## SERMONS



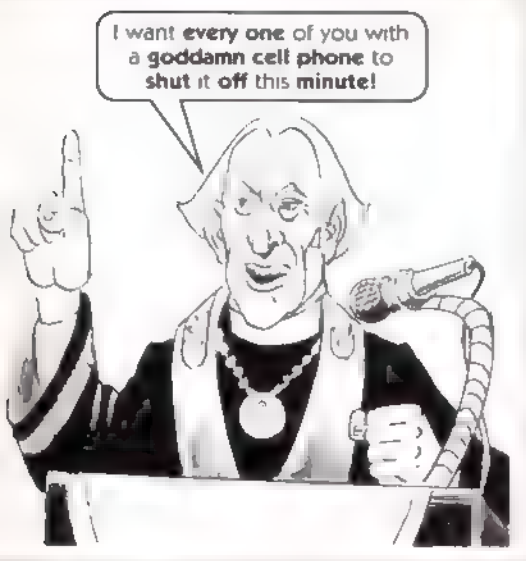

## RELATIONSHIPS

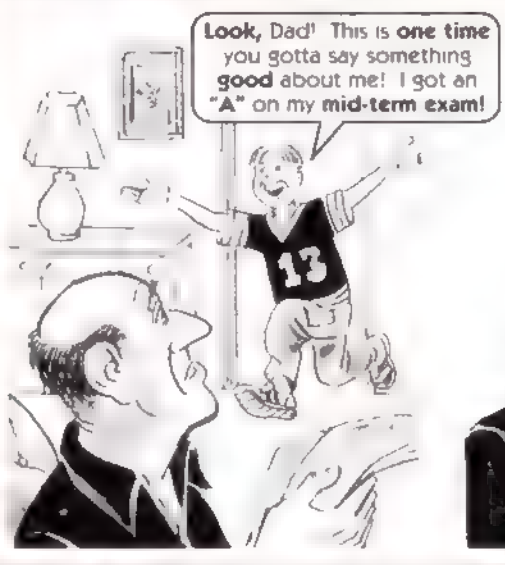


## CAUTION

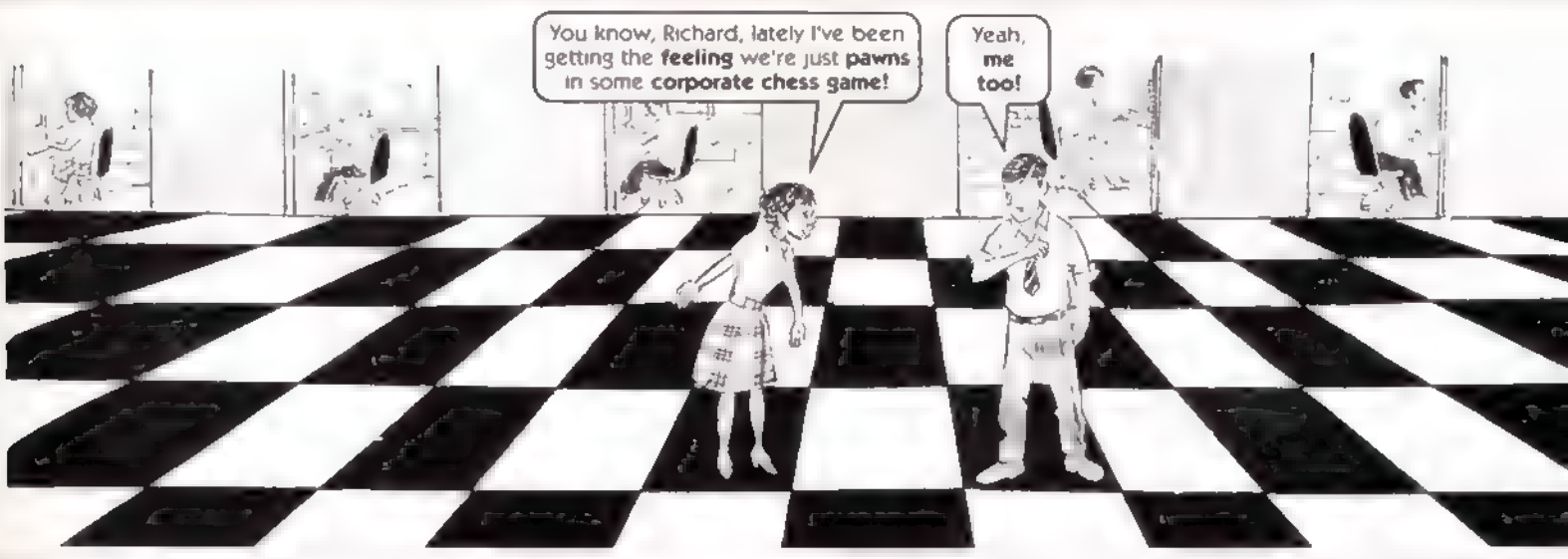

Why are you **driving** so **slowly?** It's **only** some high school **kid** in that car being **careful!**
I'm not **worried** about his **driving!**
STUDENT DRIVER

## APPROVAL



## BUSINESS



## THE OFFICE

You wanted to see us, Greg?
Yes! It's about my job here! I've got to be sitting at the computer all day long and it's starting to bother my eyes, my back and it's giving me headaches!
You're in luck! I know of several web sites that might help you!

## PUNISHMENT

## DOCTORS

Billy Joel, John Lennon, AC/DC, Garth Brooks, Led Zeppelin, Elvis Presley, Metallica, The Doors. Besides getting much hotter women than they ever deserved, what do these legends have in common? All of them have incredibly successful, top-selling boxed collections of their work. But not every box set has the same success as the ones released by the aforementioned drunken, dead, hat-wearing, druggie, hippie, head-banging legends. In the dustiest corner of any overpriced music store, you're sure to find...

# THE WORST SELLING BOX SETS OF ALL TIME

All the Little Twangy Three-Second-Long Bwowwm-Fudda-Foo-Fwang's, from the Apartment Building Establishing-Shots on
Seinfeld
Over 600 Tracks!
Includes:
• Swinggg-Pooboodoo-Pooboodoo-Dwum (1st Season)
• Dwangita-Dwangita-Dwoom-Dwoom-Wah-Dwum
• Pwonko-Pah-Tanggg-Pah-Tah-Tah-Dummmm
Kenny G
Holds One Continuous Note for 4 CDs
Kenny G
Holds One Continuous Note for 4 CDs
Over 5 hours of the note you've come to love from the King of the Saccharine Sax!

WRITER: DESMOND DEVLIN

# THE WORST SELLING BOX SETS OF ALL TIME

The Three Tenors
sing the
Limp Bizkit Songbook
Classical music's three widest talents widen their stagnant repertoire by adapting the melodic works of Frederick von Durst
THE BEATLES
Anthology, Volume 14b
Yeah, Yeah, Whatever!
The Greatest Beatles Rarities That Weren't on Any of the Other Anthologies
YOKO RS-1439
PRINCE
EVERYTHING RECORDED DURING THE WEEK OF JUNE 7-13, 1999
(38-CD COLLECTION)
SPECIAL MESSAGE FROM
ARTIST: SCOTT BRICHER

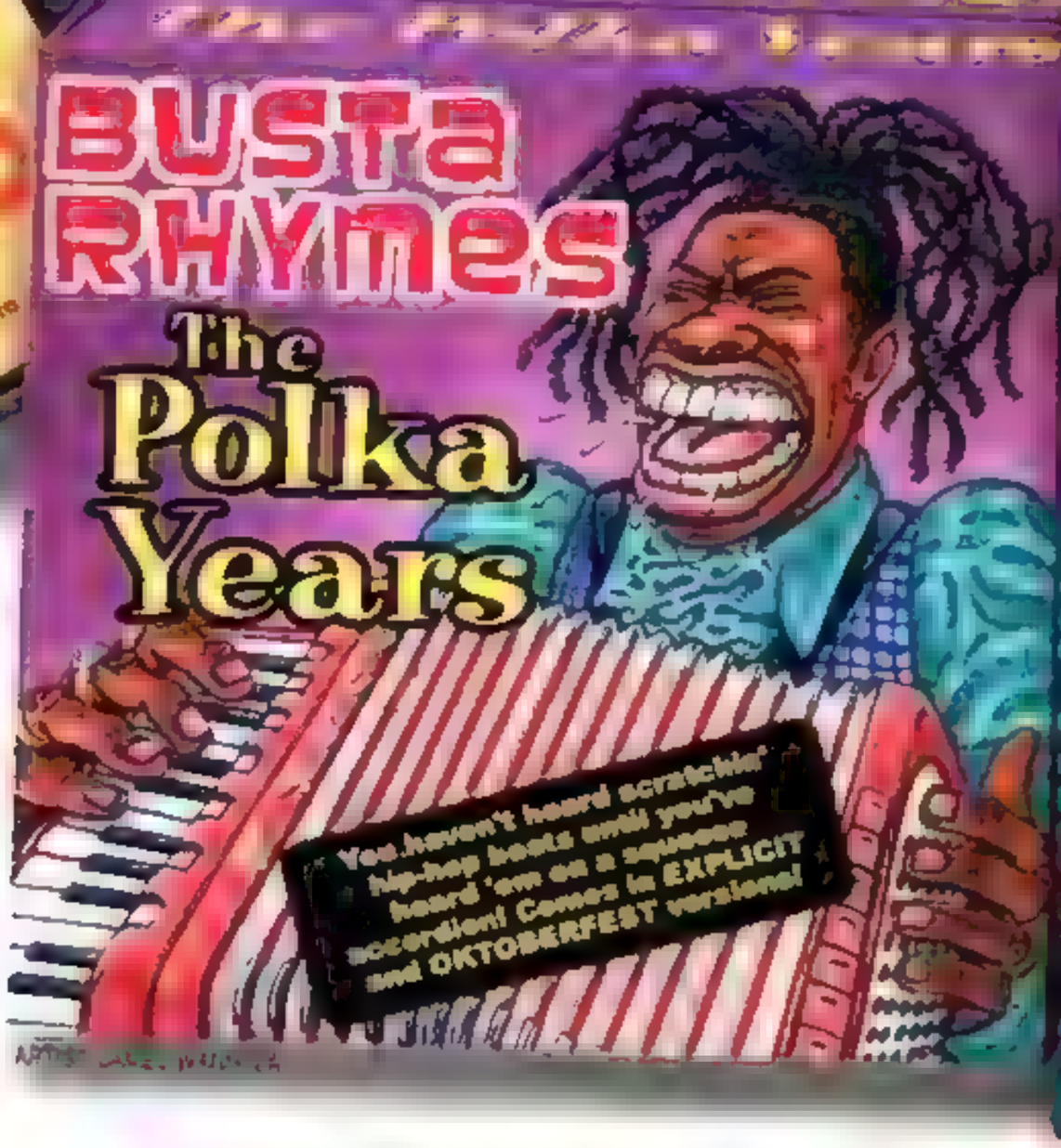
JAY-Z BITCHSLAPS BROADWAY!
JAY-Z BITCHSLAPS BROADWAY!
DISC #4
1. Mack Daddy the Knife
2. C.R.E.A.M. (Cats Rule Everything Around Me)
3. Phantoms Just Don't Understand
4. Big Pippin
5. There's No Business Like No Business
6. I'm Gonna Wash That Skank Right Out of My Hair
7. Look at Me, I'm Chuck D
8. Send in the Insane Clown Posse
9. These Are a Few of My Favorite Bling-Blings
10. A Pretty Girl is Like a Master P
11. The Sucka Come Out Tomorrow
12. And I Am Telling You I'm Not Going on TRL
13. Getting to Know Wu
14. The Rain in Spain is Insane in the Membrane
JAY-Z Bitchslaps Broadway
ARTIST: KEITH SEINE
SINATRA
The Senile Years
SINATRA
The Senile Years
Includes 148-page liner notes of what his full Grammy thank-you speech would have been, if CBS hadn't pulled the plug and gone to commercial.
DISC #5
1. New York, New Sinatra
2. Love and Martians
3. Three Coins Up the Future
4. Love and Martians
5. Sandwich in the Night
6. It Was a Very Some Yearly-yearly
7. Love and Martians
8. Love and Martians
9. Love and Martians
10. I've Got Beets Under the Hem
ARTIST: FRED FREEMAN

# Leftover TV Theme Songs

435 tracks for the anal completist who already bought the first 26 TV Themes CDs, but will just die if he doesn't have it all. Includes such...


Leftover
TV Theme Songs
DISC 6 The Best of the Mid-to-Late '90s
1 Eye to Eye with Connie Chung
2 The Commish
3 M A N T I S
4 Arwolt
5 The 700 Club
6 Big Brother
7 Harts of the West
8 SeaQuest DSV
9 True
10 The Martin Short Show (sitcom)
11 The Martin Short Show (talk show)
12 Silk Stalkings
13 Talk Soup
14 BeastMaster
15 World of Golf
16 Arliss
17 Two Fat Ladies
18 Drexell's Class
19 Supermarket Sweep
20 Championship Bull Riding
21 The Mike Lupica Show
22 CNBC Power Lunch
23 Scarecrow and Mrs. King
24 Baywatch Hawaii
25 Ballykissangel
26 The Torkelsons
27 Judge Mills Lane
28 Pictionary
29 The Cindy Margolis Show
(Not all these songs are original versions. Some themes may be abbreviated. Others may be combined. And some, we just totally made up. Get real. Like you're ever gonna recognize that it isn't the authentic music from The New Flipper.)

THE WORST SELLING BOX SETS OF ALL TIME


BUSTA RHYMES
The Polka Years
Yes, haven't heard scratchin' hip-hop beats until you've heard 'em on a squeeze accordion! Comes in EXPLICIT and OKTOBERFEST versions!

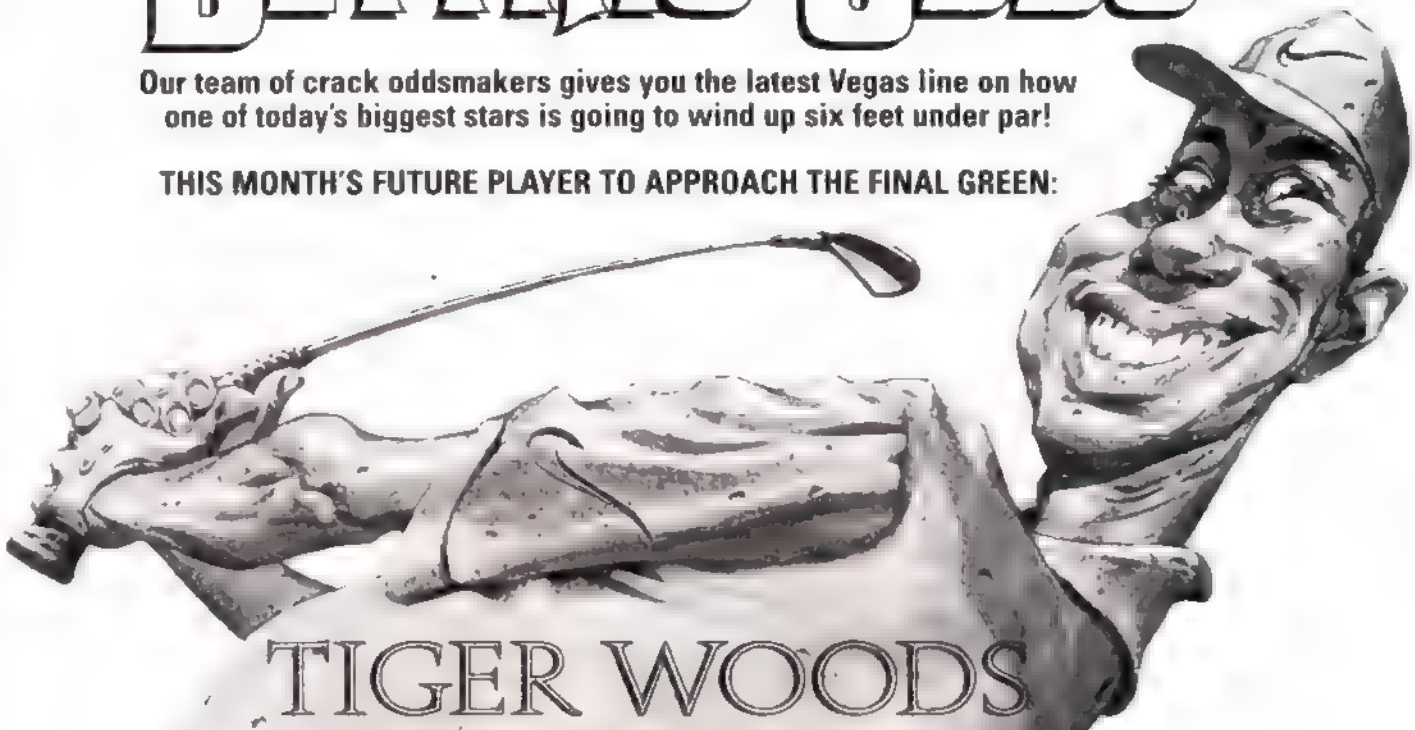
ARTIST: HERMANN MEDIA

Lucy In The Sky With Priceline
The Moods Of William Shatner
In space, no one can hear him scream... but your CD player's a whole other matter!
ADAM SANDLER
All The Best-io From An Annoying Pest-io
Disc 1
54 Minutes of Mind-Numbing "Baby Talk"
Disc 2
73 Minutes of Acoustic Gibberish Where Every Single Line Rhymes by Adding "-io" to the Ends of Words-io
Disc 3
66 Minutes of Live Versions of the Disc 2 Gibberish, In Which it Becomes Agonizingly Clear That Strumming "Kumbaya" is Far Beyond Sandler's Abilities
Disc 4
Pee Jokes, Pee Jokes, Pee Jokes
Disc 5 - BONUS CD!
Jeff Bridges, John Turturro and Nick Nolte, Sobbing Helplessly Over the Fact That Mr. Sandler Pulls Down 20 Mil a Picture

# MAD's CELEBRITY CAUSE-OF-DEATH BETTING ODDS

**Our team of crack oddsmakers gives you the latest Vegas line on how one of today's biggest stars is going to wind up six feet under par!**

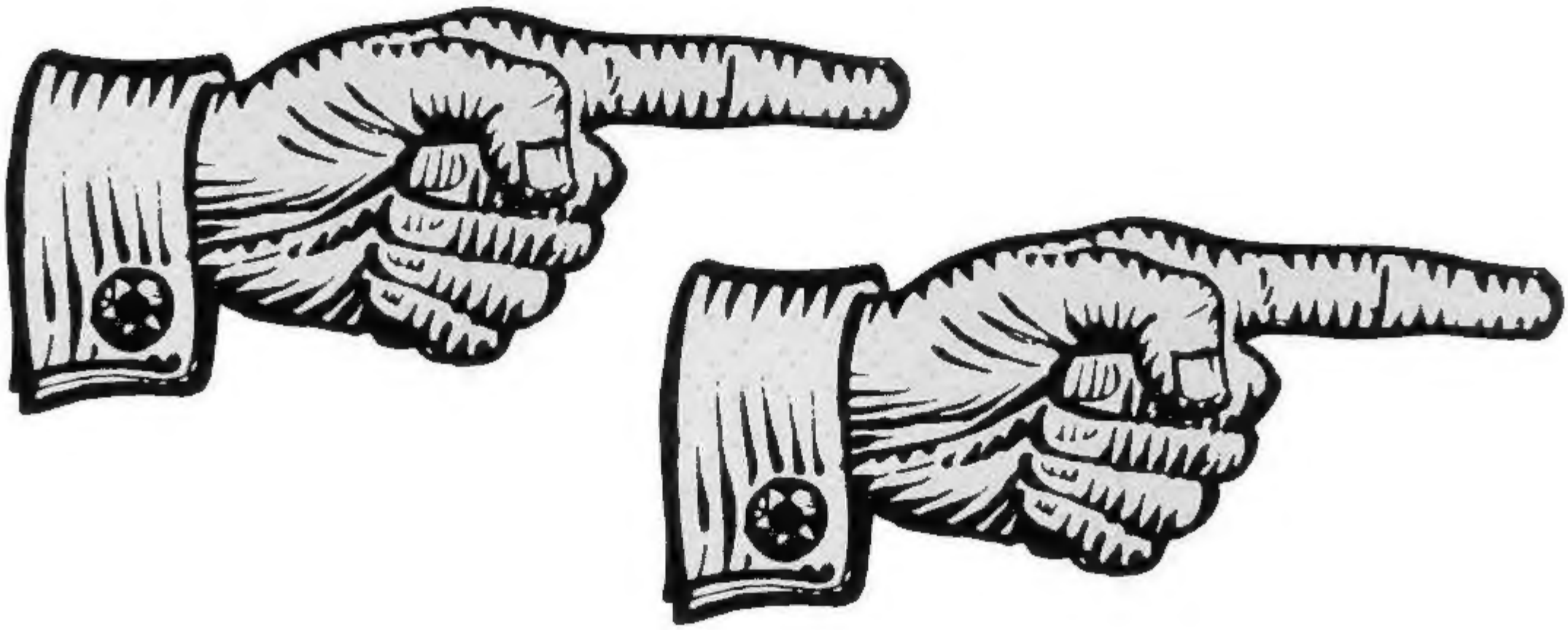
**THIS MONTH'S FUTURE PLAYER TO APPROACH THE FINAL GREEN:**



## TIGER WOODS

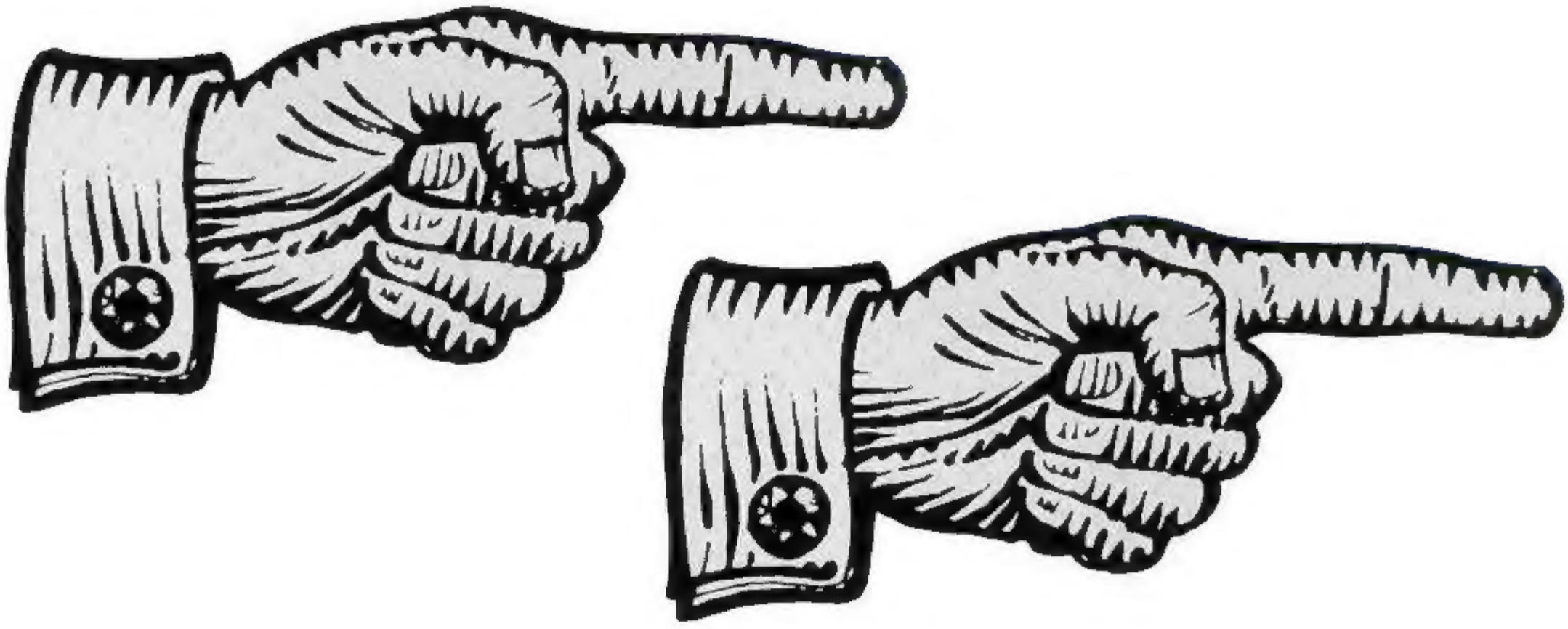
| CAUSE OF DEATH | ODDS |
|---|---|
| Goes berserk and kills self after being mistaken for a caddie on a "Whites Only" golf course for the millionth time | 2:1 |
| Run over by golf cart driven by Casey Martin | 5:1 |
| Fatal coronary after turning into a fat, out-of-shape shlub like the rest of the PGA | 6:1 |
| Commits suicide after finally realizing what a deadly, dull, boring game golf really is | 25:1 |
| Infected splinter from carrying picket sign to protest Nike sweatshop practices | 45,000,000,000:1 |
| Attacked by the "real killers" while playing a round with O.J. Simpson | 76,000,000,000:1 |

ARTIST: HERMANN MEJIA
WRITER: MIKE SNIDER



***Nothing to see here!***

***Please skip ahead.***



WHAT DESTRUCTIVE SPECIES WOULD WE ALL LIKE TO SEE BECOME EXTINCT?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

# MAD FOLD-IN

Throughout history man has been confronted with destructive species, from predatory saber-toothed tigers to swarming killer bees to disease-carrying mosquitoes. But all of these pale in comparison to the pest now threatening our way of life. To find out what it is, fold page in as shown.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A FOLD PAGE OVER LEFT

B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

THE BURNING QUESTION OF HOW TO DEAL WITH A CERTAIN UTTERLY DESTRUCTIVE SPECIES NOW FACES US. BRIEFLY STATED, OUR CHOICES ARE LIMITED. WE CAN GO BALLISTIC AND KILL IT, OR SEE OUR COUNTRY GO TO POT

A

ARTIST AND WRITER: AL JAFFEE

B

**WHAT DESTRUCTIVE SPECIES WOULD WE ALL LIKE TO SEE BECOME EXTINCT?**

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A B FOLD BACK SO THAT "A" MEETS "B"

THE BUTTER-
FLY

BALLOT

A B

Real
Ad